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Selections.

WELCOME VOICES FROM SCOTLAND.

SYMPATHY FOR DR. CHEEVER IN EDINBURGH.

[We compile, partly from *The Caledonian Mercury* and partly from *The Scotsman*, the following report of a meeting held at Edinburgh, February 4th, 1861.]

A LARGELY attended and influential meeting was held last night in Queen Street Hall, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Dr. Cheever and his Church, as well as approbation of the position they now occupy, and have for some years occupied, in reference to American slavery. The chair was occupied by Sir James G. Baird; and amongst those on the platform were Professor Duncan, the Rev. Drs. Guthrie, Cheever, Andrew Thomson, and W. L. Alexander, Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, Baillie Blackadder, Major Davidson, Councillor Pearson, Mr. Burn Murdoch, Jr., Mr. William Lillie, Mr. John Dick, Mr. W. Leckie, Mr. H. D. Dickie, and Mr. William Gillon.

The CHAIRMAN, in stating the object of the meeting, referred to the calumnies which had been persistently directed against Dr. Cheever, and briefly stated the circumstances under which he appeared in this country. The expense of building the church in which he officiated in New York had been fully liquidated, but a heavy ground rent, amounting to about £300 a year, together with large annual incidental expenses, still remained as a heavy burden upon it. In these circumstances, it appeared that a number of influential members of his congregation, together with, he (Sir James) was sorry to say, many men of influence in America, and many Presbyterian clergymen—had determined to strive, if possible, to prevent means being raised to free the Church from these burdens, in order that Dr. Cheever might feel that he did not occupy a free and independent position among them, and to force him to give up his denunciations of slavery. He (Sir James) understood that about £4,000 would enable Dr. Cheever to pay off most of these encumbrances; and the object of his present appeal to the Christian people of Scotland was that he might be enabled to return to his own country in such a position as he would feel himself free and independent, and able to proclaim "liberty to the captive," no matter whose prejudices he might offend (applause). He (Sir James) believed that Dr. Cheever had already the hearty sympathy of all the Christian people of this country; but, while sympathy might often be consolatory to a man's feelings, without help and assistance it could never be of any practical value (applause).

SPEECH OF DR. GUTHRIE.

Dr. GUTHRIE, who was received with hearty cheering, moved the following resolution: "That this meeting holds slavery and slaveholding to be in violation of the second great commandment of the law of God, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and of the golden rule, which commands to do to others as we would that others should do to us, as well as of God's express command 'to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free;' and, therefore, can only be regarded as a sin against God, who 'has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.'" Dr. Guthrie began by saying that he would not insult his audience by endeavoring to prove the resolution. Were he on the other side of the Atlantic, he would, in similar circumstances, set himself with all possible power, and after all possible research, to establish the propositions contained in it, one after another; but in this country, where we happily had a sovereign, but no slaves, where no slave could exist—for, as soon as the black man's foot touched the yellow sands of Britain's shore he became a freeman—to proceed logically to prove propositions which all his audience believed before they came there, and which they would not believe a whit more firmly if he were to speak for an hour upon them, would be a mere waste of time. Was there a man or mother's son among them (laughter) who would say that to put a man upon an auction-block—or a woman, or a child—and to set him up for sale; to separate that man from his wife, tear him from his children, condemn him to labor under the lash in the cotton field or the rice swamp, to work for the wages of a brute beast—that is, food and nothing more—to say that that man had no home (he could have no home, for he might be sold to-morrow; and he had no wife or child whom he could claim as his own—for, as soon as his poor infant's cry of life was heard, it was not the father's property, but the master's)—would any man in this land say, for a single moment, that such a state of things as that was carrying out the blessed command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"? (Cheers.) As to the next proposition—"the golden rule"—a gentleman began questioning him the other day as to his doctrines about slavery, when, to bring the whole matter to an issue, he (Dr. Guthrie) asked him how he would like if his wife and children were treated as the slaves were treated in America? He would look greatly astonished if, on opening *The North British Advertiser* next Saturday, he saw an advertisement announcing Mrs. —— and so many children for sale—(laughter)—if he saw his wife put up at an upset of so many thousand dollars, and his youngest child weighed in a pair of balances, and sold at so much per pound (hear, hear). The thing would not stand a hearing, and it would be an insult, out of America, to talk about such a thing at all to people who read their Bibles (applause). The third proposition in the resolution was God's command "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." They had had a fast lately in America—a fast called for by President Buchanan. What had it been for? It had certainly not been "a fast to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free"—(hear, hear)—but a fast to keep up a system which rivets the yoke upon the neck of every slave (hear, and applause). He (Dr. Guthrie) honored the old Covenanters, to whose exertions in this country, two hundred years ago, we owed all our liberties (applause); and if he honored them and their representatives in this land, he honored them quite as much in America. They were always very much given to protesting in this country, and he found by an American newspaper which had been sent to him, that the Covenanters or Cameronians had been protesting against President Buchanan's fast. Dr. Guthrie here read a long protest from a New York paper against the laws recognizing property in slaves and the Fugitive Slave code, which concluded by protesting against the fast proclaimed by the government, and resolving that "the fast which God has chosen is to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke" (applause). Dr. Guthrie went on to say that he had come to the present meeting with the greatest inconvenience, but he felt it his duty to cast other things aside, and to come forward to embrace what might be the last opportunity he might have of bidding Dr. Cheever God-speed upon a public platform, and telling him, as he now told him, that, with God's Word and the consciences of all men at his back, he must fight on, and he would surely prevail (cheers). The seed which he had sown might, indeed, wave above his grave, but the seed he had sown would grow; and, sooner or later, he, who had been reviled and calumniated in the grossest manner, and spoken of in terms as disrespectful as they were unjust, would have his name enrolled in the list of the noblest advocates of freedom which America had ever produced (loud cheers). It was all very well, however, that we should express our sympathy with Dr. Cheever; but he agreed with Sir James Baird that sympathy without substantial aid was of very little use. He hoped the sympathy of the people of Edinburgh would be like the Quaker's, who said, "I sympathize £500; how much do you sympathize?" (Applause.) What (Dr. Guthrie proceeded) is to come out of this dark cloud which now hangs over America? Whether it is to dissolve in a shower of blood, or in a shower of blessing, God only knows. I pray God it may be the latter! I am no man of blood; I have no love for war and contention; but, on the other hand, I have all along had so bad an opinion of human nature, when acted on by personal and pecuniary and selfish motives, that I stand, and have always stood, in fear that this enormous crime of slavery in America would not be ended without suffering, and that of a terrible kind (hear). I have read history; and my reading of history leads me to this conclusion, that the wronged—whether it be in Italy, or in Austria, or in our own Scotland in the days of old, or in America, it may be, now—never got their rights until they took the wrongdoer by the throat (hear). I never heard of the slaveholder of his own good will freeing his slaves; I never heard of a tyrannical Bourbon of his own good will laying down his sceptre; I never heard of any oppressor giving people their rights, unless he was forced to do so by the strong arm of power. I trust that country may never see the fearful spectacle of a brother plunging his sword in a brother's bosom, and all for such a base thing as slavery (applause). But my fear for such things is increased by one melancholy circumstance—and hence the loud call for this country to let her voice be heard on the side of right and justice—that circumstance is, that a great conservative element is wholly wanting in America—the Church there is rotten at the core (hear, hear, and loud cheers). If any man speaks of me as a calumniator of America in saying this, I will give him American authority for it—the authority of a man who stands first and foremost of all living Presbyterian theologians in America—Dr. Hodge, the editor of *The Princeton Review*. Dr. Guthrie proceeded to refer to a pamphlet which had been sent to him from America, containing a reprint of certain recent articles from *The Princeton Review* on "The State of the Country." This (he said) is no anti-slavery pamphlet; it is a pleading with the Southerners to save the Union at all hazards; and the most melancholy thing which, as a Christian minister, I have seen for days and months and years, is to see such a man as Dr. Hodge, in that pamphlet, lie down in the dust before yon Southern planter with the whip in his hand, and beseech him not to secede because it will dissolve the Union; and using, as the great argument with him, "If you secede you may lose the value of your slaves; for it will abolish slavery" (hear, hear). If anything was needed to prove to me that the Churches in America have more need to be prayed for than the planters themselves, it would be such an argument from such a man. I said the Churches in America were rotten at the core. Dr. Hodge shall prove it. In arguing with the Southerners, Dr. Hodge says: "Slaveholding is not a crime. A man by being the owner of slaves does not justly forfeit respect and confidence. It is, therefore, an act of injustice to condemn him as a criminal. The great mistake, however, of our Southern brethren is that they charge this offence on the people of the North, whereas the truth is that there is not one in a hundred of the people of the North who entertains these opinions and joins in these denunciations." We all live (said Dr. Guthrie) in the belief that slavery is a sin against God; and we intend to die believing in it. Dr. Hodge might as well attempt to prove to us that the sun is not in the sky at noonday as that slaveholding is not a sin; but people evidently think differently in America. He goes on: "Of the hundreds of religious newspapers published in the North, the number is very small that breathe the spirit of abolitionism." He is quite correct there. I read *The Presbyterian* of Philadelphia myself for ten years—an excellent religious newspaper otherwise—but, though I saw there paragraphs denouncing many things, and came at length to see paragraphs denouncing myself (of which I am not much the worse), I never yet saw one line in it denouncing slavery. "The proportion of the secular press controlled by that spirit is not greater. We do not know of one clergyman among the Roman Catholics, or the Episcopalians, or the Dutch Reformed, belonging to the class of Abolitionists. Of the 3,000 Old School Presbyterian clergymen in the country"—well, they are very Old School; they have much need of some new light—(laughter)—"we do not believe there are twelve who deserve to be so designated. Of the Northern Baptists we have no knowledge of the prevalence of abolitionism to any great extent in their ranks. Among the Methodists there is perhaps more of that spirit, but counteracted by a strong conservative element." Conservative element! (Laughter.) Well, if that is not enough to put conservatism out of fashion, I know not what will do it (laughter and applause). Now, that is the testimony of Dr. Hodge, a man on their own side, as to the feeling of Churches and religious people and public opinion in America on this matter. He humbles himself in the dust before the Southern planter with the lash in his hand; he pleads with him to preserve the Union, and, in order to do so, he pleads the conservation of what I call a hideous sin against both God and man (applause). Hear what he says: "This bright vision, however, of the prosperity which is to follow disunion, is a work of the imagination. . . . . The carrying out of this Southern programme would place the cotton States in direct hostility with the other slave States. It would be their ruin, at least for years to come. The value of their property in slaves must be depreciated many per cent." He then goes on to speak of Great Britain and France, and, to their honor be it spoken, he can expect no sympathy in this conservation from them. And this is what he says of them: "The anticipations that France and England, having abolished slavery in their own dominions, would unite to uphold it in the cotton growing States of the North, are all built on the assumption that Satan governs the world. The natural anticipation is, that as those nations have submitted to the enormous sacrifice of emancipating their own slaves, they would use all their influence to abolish slavery elsewhere. It has long been the conviction of our most enlightened men, that it is nothing but the protection which the flag of the Union spreads over slavery in this country"—with its motto, "All men are born free and equal"—(cheers and laughter)—that's a parenthesis of my own, mind—(renewed laughter)—"that prevents England arraying all her power for its destruction." Thanks to him for the compliment. He proceeds: "Separated from the North, a Southern Confederacy of the cotton growing States would be at the mercy of the anti-slavery feeling of the world" (hear). Not a bad thing that for the slaves! (Laughter). "The dissolution of the Union, therefore, in all human probability, would be the death blow to slavery." If that be so, then I say, let the Union be dissolved to-morrow (loud cheers). An old heathen once said, "Let justice be done, though the heavens should be dissolved"; but this wretched man says, "Don't let justice be done, lest the Union should be dissolved" (hear). Verily the heathen might say "shame" to the Christian (applause). But just hear his reflection on this prospect. He says: "We have no heart to dwell on this point"; and then he goes on to tell us, "By the time the Southern Confederacy numbers four millions of white inhabitants, the North would have forty millions." That (said Dr. Guthrie) is just what I have been anticipating and looking forward to with hope; but Dr. Hodge takes a different view of it, and he says, "What can be the consequence of such disproportion between conterminous political communities when there is nothing to restrain injury and annoyance? This is a dismal prospect, from which we gladly turn our eyes!" Why, it is the sun rising upon 4,000,000 of slaves; but "it is a dismal prospect," says Dr. Hodge. There is much more in this pamphlet that is most extraordinary and most painful, and among other things there is an elaborate defence of the iniquitous Fugitive Slave law; "We heartily join," he says, "in the condemnation"—of what? Of the Fugitive Slave law? Not at all! "We heartily join in the condemnation of all resistance to the restoration of the fugitive slaves." I suppose Dr. Hodge, poor man, would turn out and assist to capture a fugitive. I would rather turn out and put my foot before the constable that was running after him (laughter and cheers). He goes on: "All laws designed to interfere with the full and efficient operation of the constitutional compact on this subject are *immoral*." We hear a good deal about compacts just now in the Free Church—(laughter)—but this, I take it, is the most extraordinary compact I have ever heard of. "All laws against the constitutional compact are immoral." I take him to the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, and I show him there a law which stands wide as the poles asunder from his constitutional compact. But first I will take him to another bar. He says the Fugitive Slave law ought to be obeyed, and that all laws that go against it are immoral. Well, in reasoning with the Southerners, he says, in this pamphlet, that the two great difficulties between the North and the South are the Fugitive Slave law and the Territories. As to the former, mark what he says: "The constitutional claim of the South is undoubted; but the difficulties in the way of carrying into effect that provision of the Constitution are almost insuperable." And he goes on to say: "These difficulties do not rise from State laws, or from the supineness of the General government, but from *the laws of human nature*." Now, I say, Dr. Hodge has hit the nail on the head here, and when he changes the laws of human nature, we will all agree to the Fugitive Slave law (applause). But that law is not only against the laws of human nature; we have a higher authority still against it. Dr. Hodge says that if a slave leaves his master with his broken chain dangling at his heels, followed by bloodhounds and by cruel tyrants, and rushes into your house, you must obey the law of the State—you are not to help that slave on to liberty—and that any law, that would hinder that slave from being carried back to bondage is immoral. I bring Dr. Hodge to the bar of the Word of God, and what does it say against that Fugitive Slave law? It says, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto thee" (applause). The Bible stands in direct opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, and I say, "Let God's Word stand, though America perish from the number of nations and from the face of the earth" (applause). I am told by a Mr. Van Dyke—it is not Van Dyke the painter—it is a man, this, who paints black things white—(laughter)—who has published a sermon in defence of slavery as an institution, and says that there is nothing against it in God's Word, and other perversions of Scripture. This gentleman says, "With these facts staring them in the face, cannot the South afford to wait a little longer. Can our Christian men, and our Christian ministers, who are the salt of the earth, not wait a little?" "Salt of the earth!" that reminds me of the words of our Lord, "If the salt has lost its savor, what is it fit for? It is fit to be cast out and trodden under foot" (applause). "Salt of the earth!" I stand on this platform, and—I do it with grief and sorrow—but I say, if God's cause, and man's cause, and the liberties of the world were ever betrayed by any class of men, it is by these men that call themselves "the salt of the earth" (applause). I am sorry that I should have been under the necessity of speaking so, but truth is above everything—truth has claims superior to every consideration. I know that when this goes out to America I shall be thoroughly abused (laughter). The fact is, that does not trouble one here. This is a safe land—we are free to speak our mind here (applause). Why, I would have been tarred and feathered, all like an eagle (laughter), if I had been in America. Let nobody suppose that I speak entirely against America. There is great piety, learning, and excellence in that country; and I pray to Heaven that that foul blot on an otherwise noble shield may be taken away (applause). But it is a perfect mockery in Dr. Hodge to talk in such terms as this of his country. Hear how he pleads with these slaveowners, speaking of his country as if liberty was to perish on the face of the earth if the Union was to be dissolved. If I could only hit on the passage. It is so very rich that it is a pity it should not be read. Ah! here it is (laughter). "This is the light in which this subject ought to be viewed," he says. "Is disunion morally right? Does it not involve a breach of faith, and a violation of the oaths by which that faith was confirmed? We believe, under existing circumstances, that it does, and therefore it is as dreadful a blow to the Church as it is to the State. If a crime at all, it is one the heinousness of which can only be imperfectly estimated from its probable effects; but these are sad enough. It blots our name from among the nations of the earth. The United States of North America will no longer exist. All the recollections which cluster around those words—all the bright hopes attached to them for the future—must be sunk forever. The glorious flag which has so long floated in the advance of civilization and liberty must be furled." Liberty! with four millions of slaves at their back, marching in "the advance of civilization and liberty" (laughter), to the crack of the whip and the rattle of the chain (applause). Then Dr. Hodge goes on as follows: "We lose our position as one of the foremost nations of the earth—the nation of the future—the great Protestant power to stand up for civil and religious freedom" (hear, hear). Well, sir, they are so much pleased with themselves, these parties, that one has very little hope of putting them to shame; but I close my remarks just with saying that you are not to misunderstand me in fancying that I would glory in seeing America destroyed. On the contrary, I say here, what I have often said to Americans, "You are bone of our bones, blood of our blood, you have our faith, you have our love to the old Covenanters and the old Puritans—you are our children—you are our countrymen: unfurl the flag of liberty, let the oppressed go free, and there is Cape Horn, God speed you in your progress—carrying freedom, and light, and liberty from one end of that mighty Continent to the other! (Applause). May God grant your earnest wishes!" and may he who turneth man's heart as he turneth the rivers of water turn that people into the path of duty, and I am sure that none sooner than ourselves will bid them God speed (applause).

The Rev. Dr. ANDREW THOMSON said, that after the eloquent speech to which they had just listened, he would content himself by simply seconding the resolution.

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and carried by acclamation.

SPEECH OF DR. ALEXANDER.

Dr. W. L. ALEXANDER moved the adoption of the next resolution, which was to the following effect: "That Dr. Cheever and the Church of the Puritans in New York merited the highest approbation for the noble stand they had made, and were still making, in the face of the most determined opposition, against the Slave Power in America, upheld, as it is, by professing Churches of Christ, as well as by the Judges and Legislature of a country boasting of its freedom, and proclaiming, as the fundamental principle of its Constitution, that all men are equal, whilst its Supreme Court has decreed that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. Further, that it is the mind of this meeting that Dr. Cheever is specially to be honored for his resolute denunciation of this iniquity, as condemned by the Word of God; and that the mission which brought him to this country is worthy of the most cordial and energetic support." In supporting this resolution, the Rev. Doctor referred to the share which Christian men in America take in upholding this horrible system—a system which was a disgrace to their country and to their Christianity in consequence of the defence it finds on the part of Christian ministers. The relation of the American Churches to slavery was somewhat peculiar to them. He did not think that we had the experience of this exactly in our country. No doubt many professedly Christian men held back from the anti-slavery movement in this country, and many perhaps lent their influence quietly and secretly in support of slavery; but he did not remember that in this country clergymen came forward and openly preached in defence of slavery as a right thing, and openly published sermons in defence of it as in accordance with the Word of God, and as a fundamental law of society, and denounced those who were attempting to remove and destroy it as infidels and persons pursuing an immoral course. That was a phenomenon which had emerged in America, and it was rather startling to us. Mr. Van Dyke's sermon, to which Dr. Guthrie had referred, had been sent to him by post across the Atlantic, and he now held it in his hand. It was a phenomenon, certainly. It was entitled, "The Character and Influence of Abolition," and he would read the heads of it, that they might have an idea of what was taught in a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. They were as follows: "1. Abolitionism has no foundation in the Scriptures; 2. Its principles have been promulgated chiefly by misrepresentation and abuse; 3. It leads, in multitudes of cases, and by a logical process, to utter infidelity; 4. It is the chief cause of the strife that agitates, and the danger that threatens our country." In announcing these heads, he says, "I have four distinct propositions on this subject to maintain—four theses to nail up over this pulpit and defend with the Word of God, which is the Sword of the Spirit." What frightful sentiments these were for a Christian minister to utter! Who could wonder that infidelity was rampant where such sentiments as these were uttered from the Christian pulpit? (Applause). Who could wonder that men should turn in disgust from the Word of God, who, not knowing themselves its precious contents, were told by a professed expounder of it that it sets its face against liberty, and that it patronizes, encourages, and defends such a horrible system as they all knew slavery to be? (Applause.) The Rev. Doctor proceeded to notice, at some length, the claims of Dr. Cheever to support from the Christians of this country, and concluded by moving the resolution which he had read.

Mr. W. DUNCAN seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

SPEECH OF DR. CHEEVER.

Dr. CHEEVER next addressed the meeting. He was received with loud and prolonged cheering. After expressing, on behalf of the Church of the Puritans, on his own behalf, and on behalf of the faithful Churches and fellow-laborers who were working with him in the United States in this difficult work, his most heartfelt and grateful appreciation of the kindness and sympathy conveyed in these resolutions, he said that amidst all the changes which were taking place in America, the slaves still remained certainly an object of God's care, their oppression the one great crime of the country, and their deliverance and protection the one great duty of the country, and its only redemption from inevitable misery. But now it was proposed again to save and cement the Union by immolating, with more solemn oaths and compacts, the whole slave race as its victims. New guaranties were proposed for the supremacy of the Slave Power, stronger slave laws, a new freedom for the range of slavery over the whole country, and alterations in the Constitution itself for the sake of slavery; and, meanwhile, there were eminent Northern ministers who demanded in addition that they should implore forgiveness for the earnestness with which they had spoken against slavery. The position of the Church of the Puritans was that the Church of God had a right to apply to the uttermost her discipline against the stealing of men and the resetting of the robbery, and hence the unmitigated hostility and bitterness evoked against it. It was some consolation to find that one of the reasons given by the slaveholding South for their secession was, that a party in the North were tolerated in denouncing slavery. It was the only salvation of the North from utter disgrace in this conflict. He then referred to the case of an escaped slave, who was claimed by his owner in Vermont. The owner produced proofs of ownership, but the judge declared himself not satisfied until he could have "a bill of sale from the Maker"—(applause). He also said that many of the slaves were kidnapped in various ways and sold, and thus constituted a race of slaves who were multiplying with amazing rapidity. Their descendants were entitled by United States laws to their freedom, and the question arose how large a proportion were in this condition, for whose deliverance the United States government were bound to interfere? At the lowest computation, the natural increase in twenty years could not be less than five hundred thousand. Under the Fugitive Slave bill, every one of these stolen beings would, if they escaped, be seized by the government and thrust back into slavery at the demand of their pretended owners, when, if the Constitution and the laws were righteously executed, they must every one be set free, and those who persisted in claiming them be condemned for complicity in piracy. After censuring certain Northern clergymen who, in an address to their brethren in the South, carefully avoided the mention of slavery in any way, far less as a sin, and likening them to "a concentrated ecclesiastical ostrich with its head buried in the South," he said that the demand of the South for concession and compromise in favor of slavery had brought out a whole brood of commentators and preachers, North as well as South, defending slavery by the Word of God as a divine institution, and denouncing its abolition as a sin. These reprobates of a licentious theology wrested the Scriptures as the politicians did the Constitution against justice, against mercy, and against freedom, and called the merciful provisions of God against slavery in the laws of Moses a mere Judaic superstition, which was done away in Christ, in whom Christians were delivered into the glorious liberty and privilege of holding slaves. These prophets of a slaveholding Christianity were factors of infidelity, distorting the truth so that enlightened consciences could not receive it, and so falsifying revelation, that no one could believe in it as divine, and in a holy God as the author of it. In this country, much might be done, and required to be done, in the direction of instructing and confirming public and even Christian principle; for the tenor of Biblical interpretation on this subject had been fearfully perverted. In Germany, some eminent scholars were taking up the matter, and correcting the false positions of Gesenius and Michaelis, and affirming that not only was there no word for "slave" in the Hebrew language, but that the reality of slavery was rendered impossible by the laws of Moses. In America it was too unpopular and odious a work for any man of great reputation to engage in. But English poetry was already pregnant with the celestial fire of liberty, from Milton down to Cowper and Wordsworth. Let our Biblical science defend the Word of God from the shame of the sanction of slavery, and let our ecclesiastical and Christian literature and discipline condemn and expel as a blasphemous heresy the doctrine of the possibility of a slaveholding Christianity. In this country there was a great question to be decided, as to how we would deal with the new slaveholding Confederacy. He hoped there would be firmness enough in the English and French governments to say, "We can have nothing to do with a nation presenting itself for admission at this time into the family of nations, that makes the worst kind of piracy the bond of its unity, the element of its prosperity, the foundation stone of its existence" (loud applause). If this country would take this work in hand, as men determined upon it, between the application of the Bible and the power of raising our own cotton, we might utterly crush and abolish American slavery in ten years. The Rev. Doctor resumed his seat amid great cheering.

The CHAIRMAN then read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Candlish, who was expected to move the next resolution. Dr. Candlish said, "Though better, I am not allowed to be out this evening, which I regret exceedingly. I wish much I had an opportunity of saying a few words on the subject of American slavery, and the claims of Dr. Cheever and his adherents of the Church of the Puritans to our warm sympathy and liberal aid. I need not say that my views are the same still as I have formerly avowed; and that the present most anxious crisis in America only deepens my conviction of the urgent importance of some plan of emancipation being immediately adopted." The letter concluded by saying, "Would that all Christian men were unitedly setting themselves to such a solution of the terrible problem!" (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF REV. SIR HENRY MONCRIEFF.

The Rev. Sir HENRY MONCRIEFF then said he was sure they would all agree with him that the best substitute for Dr. Candlish's presence was the letter that had been read. He should not have added another word, but that the resolution which he had been requested to move was of considerable importance. Before moving it, he would refer to a letter which he had received from a lady, in which she expressed her opinion that "we are verily guilty in having continued to use the produce of slave labor both for food and clothing, when we should have provided supplies from free labor," and added a practical suggestion to the effect that at this meeting "one hundred gentlemen or ladies should be asked to undertake to raise £5 each. Such a contribution," she said, "would only be becoming the city of Edinburgh, which struck the key-note for the abolition of slavery throughout the British empire, and would give Dr. Cheever and his cause the effectual relief they need" (applause). He then moved the following resolution:

"That the present state of America—the result of this system of slavery—is deeply to be deplored, and ought to be the subject of earnest prayer, that threatened judgments may be averted, and that the struggle, of whatever nature it be, may issue in the liberation of the slaves, and the permanent peace and prosperity of that great country."

In support of the resolution he went on to say—Ladies and gentlemen, if I were disposed cordially to move this resolution when I came into this hall, I certainly am still more disposed to advocate it with great earnestness after the statement we have now heard from Dr. Cheever. I have been much interested by his representation of the matter, not having had an opportunity of hearing him at any time before. I feel that all parts of this resolution are fitted to attract a strong interest. The present state of America, apart altogether from the questions that may lie at the root of it, is enough to startle us, is enough to interest us, and is deeply to be deplored; but when we look to it as the result of the system of slavery—when we look to it in the light in which it is represented to us by Dr. Cheever, by unquestionable facts—no words can express the cause we have deeply to deplore it. At the same time, if we could only hope that out of it something may come for the benefit of the slave, we might take consolation; but I have been much struck with the warnings that have been brought under our view by Dr. Cheever on this subject. If we could only trust the Northern States to take the ground that becomes them in this matter, it would seem that there might not be so much difficulty, after all, with the help of Christians here and elsewhere, to do what is in our power to press forward towards the abolition of slavery, as Dr. Cheever says, within ten years! But if, indeed, we cannot rely upon sound principles being maintained even in the Northern States, we surely have here a fearful question before us. It is not merely the dissolution of the Union, but it is that we have to dread an attempt to maintain the Union at the expense of the vital principle. We have really to fear these threatened judgments that are adverted to in this resolution—we have to fear evil as springing out of the existence of slavery—we have to fear lest the slaves themselves should become, under Providence, the instruments of these judgments. Assuredly, it should be a subject of earnest prayer to God, not only that these judgments should be averted, but that the result of the struggle may be the liberation of the slaves, in conjunction with the permanent peace and prosperity of the country. We may suppose a sort of peace and prosperity, promoted by a compromise of principle, that might last for a season, apart altogether from the liberation of the slave. We could anticipate nothing in the end from that but a still more fearful dissolution. We might suppose the liberation of the slaves to take place, apart from the peace and prosperity of the country; we might suppose it to come out of a violent and bloody revolution, in place of being arrived at as the result of principle. Therefore we may well pray—if we have regard for our brethren on either side of the Atlantic, if we care either for blacks or whites, if we are stirring up our friends by the appeals and representations of Dr. Cheever and others—we may well pray with all earnestness, when we see the danger, that the result may indeed, under God's providence, be a combination of the liberation of the slaves, and the permanent peace and prosperity of that great country (loud applause).

Mr. H. D. DICKIE seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

A vote of thanks having been given to the chairman, on the motion of Mr. BURN MURDOCH, Jr.,

The Rev. Professor DUNCAN pronounced the benediction, and the meeting separated.

VIRGINIA AS A MEDIATOR.

THE sovereign State of Virginia proposes, through her Convention, to dictate terms of adjustment between the Federal government and the States which claim to have seceded from the Union. Mr. R. T. Conrad, from a majority of the Committee on Federal Relations, on Saturday submitted a report, which, in substance, affirms:

1. That the slave States have a perfect right to uphold slavery;

2. That the free States have *no* right to oppose slavery;

3. That either slavery must be allowed freely to enter all Federal Territories in competition with free labor, or the Territories must be divided between them.

4. Forts must not be held, nor troops stationed within any State, unless in accordance with the wishes of the ruling power in said State.

5. An "adjustment" may be had, and the Union preserved.

6. There is need of more efficient Fugitive Slave laws, and more Northern alacrity in slave-hunting.

7. The Federal Constitution must be so amended as to render it more satisfactory to the slaveholders.

8. The right of State Secession is recognized by Virginia.

9. But it is not clearly affirmed in the Constitution, and the Federal authorities deem themselves unauthorized to concede and give effect to it.

10. Wherefore, Virginia proposes to have that right plainly affirmed and its exercise provided for in the Federal compact.

11. Virginia asks the non-slaveholding States to assent to the foregoing propositions; failing which, she will secede.

12. Meantime, the seceded States must not be "coerced" nor compelled to obey the laws of the Union;

13. And the seceded States must not attack the Federal government, provided it lets them do as they please.

14. The non-seceded slave States are summoned to meet by delegates in Convention at Frankfort, Ky., on the last Monday in May next.

—We should call the foregoing "setting it up pretty steep" for a *Union* State; but Gov. Wise makes a dissenting *Union* report, proposing that Virginia shall demand of the free States guaranties on the following points:

1. As to a full recognition of the rights of property in African slaves.

2. As to slavery in the District of Columbia.

3. As to the powers of the Federal government over African slavery, and the employment of slave labor in the forts, arsenals, dockyards, and all places ceded by the States for Federal uses.

4. As to protection against the pretension to lay and collect excessive direct taxes on slaves.

5. As to the rendition of fugitive slaves.

6. As to the protection of the right and comity of *transit with slaves through the limits of the States*, by land or water, and of the right of transportation of slaves on the high seas.

7. The protection of the right of citizens of the United States owning slaves *to sojourn temporarily with their slaves within the limits of non-slaveholding States.*

8. The protection of equality of settlement by owners of slaves, with their slave property, *in the common Territories of the United States.*

9. As to the rights of negroes or free persons of the African race to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States.

10. As to the equality of the African race with the white race in the States where it may reside, and the protection of that equality by State laws, and by the laws of the United States.

11. As to the better security of the independence of the Judicial Department of the government of the United States, by changing the mode of appointing the Federal Judges.

12. As to the protection of the slaveholding States against the abduction of their slaves by repealing such State or Federal laws as may countenance the wrong, or by passing such laws by the States and by the Federal government as may be necessary and proper to suppress it.

13. As to the protection of the domestic tranquillity of the people of the United States by *suppressing the incendiary assemblages, associations and publications* which have engendered the sectional wrongs and hatred which have rent the Union asunder and now threaten a civil war.

14. The protection of the public peace by suppressing societies and individual efforts for the collection of money and other means to invade the States or Territories of the United States.

15. And by suppressing all organizations seeking and introducing foreign aid and influence to incite domestic violence in any of the States or Territories of the United States.

—Gov. Wise would allow the free States all the present year in which to furnish the required guaranties; but he prefers that they should finish up the business before October 1. He adds this condition:

"That, in the meantime, it be recommended to the people of this Commonwealth, in the event the Federal authorities shall, under any pretext whatever, attempt to enforce their claim of jurisdiction over the people of the seceded States, as *by collecting the duties for revenue* or diverting the transit or entrance of commerce, or in any other mode, by force of arms, to resist such exertion of force by all the means in their power."

—This is tolerably direct and pointed, as becomes Gov. Wise.

—Three members of the Committee propose secession pure and simple.

We forbear comment on the above *Union* propositions, further than to say that they seem to us to use more words than their object requires. We submit that what they really want would be far more easily and effectually secured by an amendment of the Federal Constitution to consist of a single clause or paragraph as follows:

"Persons wholly or partially of African or other than Caucasian blood who may be held as slaves under the laws of any State shall be regarded and treated as property, the same as horses or hogs, by the laws and authorities of every State and Territory, and shall as such be worked, chastised, transported or held at the pleasure of their owners as aforesaid; and whosoever resists or demurs to such treatment shall be held and punished as guilty of robbery and high treason."

—Such a constitutional provision would meet the requirements of the exigency; it would have those merits of directness and simplicity which so commended the Crittenden proposition to the favor of the Albany *Evening Journal*.

If the people of Virginia, as represented in the State Convention now in session at Richmond, desire to remain in the Union, they have a singular manner of manifesting their wishes. As a Congress, more compliant than any which is to follow it for at least two years, has just adjourned, after having turned a deaf ear all winter to the voice of the many charmers who have striven to lure them into the pleasant and flowery paths of compromise; as that other body, more venerable for its years than its wisdom, called the Peace Convention, has dispersed, unable to do more than to make an accidental suggestion, which nobody heeded; and, as the President has indicated his positive intentions of enforcing laws, collecting revenue, and occupying forts, with, certainly, a large public approval, it would, one would suppose, have become a question in the Virginian mind whether, under these circumstances, it might not be well, at least, to take into consideration the propriety of lowering in some degree the tone of arrogance with which they push the demand of submission from the North, even if there could be no abatement of the terms of the submission which they hope to exact. There is no evidence that such an idea has occurred to anybody in Richmond; but a tone is adopted in the reports of the Committee on Federal Relations in the Convention, that would lead an uninstructed observer to believe that the whole North was on its knees before Virginia, begging, in supplicatory and broken accents, its eyes overflowing with tears, its hands clasped, and its hair dishevelled in the violence of its grief, that it may be permitted to exist a little longer in the shadow of her greatness and the sunlight of her smiles, to run in grateful obedience at the sound of her voice, or to sit at her feet the most willing of her slaves. It may be that we are wrong in doubting that such are essentially the relative attitudes of Virginia and the North. It may be that Virginia interprets events more wisely than we do; it may be that she better understands the temper of the two sections, and knows better than we can ever hope to know, how to play upon that "harp of a thousand strings," the popular will. But, unless we utterly misapprehend the sentiment of our section of the country, there are not many conceivable things which we are less likely to do, as a people, than to make the monstrous concessions which the majority of the Committee on Federal relations have proposed in the Virginia Convention. The minority members of the Committee, who reported a resolution for immediately drawing up an act of secession, took much the manlier and more sensible course; for, why spend time in talking over an irreconcilable difference, as this difference is, if the majority mean what they say?—*Tribune.*

THE CRISIS IN AMERICA.

LECTURE BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

From The Leeds (Eng.) Mercury, Feb. 23.

YESTERDAY evening, Mr. Geo. Thompson (who has long been a laborious and consistent advocate for the abolition of slavery) delivered a lecture in the Stock Exchange, under the auspices of the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, upon the present Crisis in the late United States of America, and its probable effects upon the question of slavery. The Rev. F. EDWARDS presided, and there was a numerous attendance. Mr. THOMPSON, introducing his subject, expressed his gratification in having witnessed the great progress of anti-slavery principles in the United States during the last few years, and then proceeded to prove that since the Declaration of Independence in the year 1789, down to the present time, slavery had been a root of bitterness constantly springing up, and producing trouble, disquiet, and misunderstanding in the United States. At that time there were only five slave States, there were now 15; there were then only 400,000 slaves, there were now 4¼ millions; the area of the slave States was then not more than 200,000 square miles, it was at present nearly 1,100,000 square miles; the export of cotton in 1789 was only three bales, it was now upwards of four millions of bales, the sum paid to the States by England for that single commodity being 25 millions sterling per annum. In 1789, the manumission of the slaves in those States, at 500 dollars per head, would have cost two millions of dollars, but the compensation which would be required at present for the manumission of the slaves, appraising them at the same low figure, would be 2,500 millions of dollars, though their actual value would be better represented by double that sum. From the establishment of the Constitution, the march of the Slave Power had been steady and uninterrupted, and until within a very recent period the Southern States not only dictated the terms of political government, but also exercised an absolute control over the moral sentiments and religious opinions of the entire community of the Northern States. He explained that this arose from the political and religious union existing between the North and the South; and alluding to the corr

duced into that island. Some say that 500,000 and others that 600,000 tons of sugar annually are grown and manufactured in Cuba, and almost entirely by slave labor. This is a melancholy fact. We will endeavor to ascertain why this trade continues. In the first place we find that every person in Cuba who has official cognizance of this importation of slaves receives, or is able to receive, very large bribes. The sum given to procure connivance at the introduction of slaves is, to many persons of small salaries, an irresistible temptation; especially as those above them cement themselves with receiving still larger bribes, instead of assisting in the prevention of the traffic. I believe that the present Governor of Cuba is sincere in his declaration that he wishes to suppress the slave trade. There is no doubt that he has of late dismissed from their employment several persons who had been convicted of carrying on the slave trade; but still the profit is so enormous, the facilities are so great, that cargoes of slaves are still introduced into the island. And what, according to our treaties, would be the remedy for this state of things? Vessels sailing under the Spanish flag and introducing slaves might be captured, and sent before the mixed commission and condemned, but there again we meet with an effectual obstruction to our efforts for the suppression of the trade. The honorable member says if certain cruisers were placed off Jamaica, and were to intercept those vessels going to Cuba, they might make several captures. Our commanders have several times had efficient squadrons near Cuba, and I believe they have used every endeavor to check the slave trade as far as was in their power. But we are met with another obstacle, and that is that *these slavers carry the American flag* [hear, hear], and many of them are saved in that way. I have read over and over again in the American newspapers that there is a large association, with considerable capital, at Havana, which has relations with New York and with other ports on the coast of America. The agents purchase vessels in New York and elsewhere, and these are sent sometimes to Havana and sometimes directly to the coast of Africa. They arrive off the coast, and perhaps are for weeks unable to embark their human cargo, but opportunities are ultimately found. As the honorable gentleman truly said, one squadron, however active, cannot prevent the embarkation of slaves along the whole coast. The ships are then brought to Cuba, where they anchor in some of the small creeks or harbors, and the slaves are landed and dispersed among the plantations. All this time our cruisers are unable to touch them, because they are covered by the American flag [hear, hear]. When we remonstrated on this subject, the American government stated and held that they were in their perfect right in so doing; that the right of search in time of peace cannot by international law be allowed; and they claimed immunity for their ships, however engaged, from any search by our cruisers. No doubt this flag has covered a vast importation of slaves. If the Spanish flag had been shown, our cruisers would at once have seized the vessels, but as they bore American colors it was impossible to do so. But I met them, I think, with great fairness. I said, "It may be that the sensitiveness you show with regard to the search of your ships is justifiable; it may be that your national pride would never allow an English officer to come on board and search vessels bona fide in possession of ship's papers belonging to the United States; but, if that be so, do not depart from your own treaties and your own declarations against the slave trade. Employ cruisers of your own [hear, hear]. If you will not allow British cruisers to put down the slave trade, put it down yourselves, and take all the credit and glory which will attach to the successful extinction of the slave trade. Let us not touch a single one of your ships; but do it effectually—do it for the sake of your own character, for the sake of that great republic which I hope may still remain the United States of America." The President of the United States, as the honorable gentleman says, directed the Secretary of State to tell me that the American government had already heard enough of these remonstrances on the part of the British government, and hoped that they would not be continued. The honorable gentleman has seen that in the papers, but he has not seen my answer. My reply was, that the American government might state what they pleased, but that no declaration or diplomatic remonstrances of others would prevent the British Secretary of State from remonstrating, or from declaring that it was a blot on the United States that they did not effectually suppress the slave trade [cheers]. And, more than that, I stated that whenever occasion arose I would repeat the remonstrances against which the American President had protested [cheers]. The state of things, however, is one for which I think neither the honorable member nor any member of this House will easily find a remedy. The Spanish government, while they take some steps which might be commended, while they arm some cruisers to check the slave trade, do allow their officials, and more especially the planters in the isle of Cuba, to derive enormous profits—as much as 70, 80, and 100 per cent.—from this horrible traffic, which is to us a subject of abhorrence. And this they are enabled to do by the protection given by the American flag to the vessels which carry on the trade. There was a proposal many years ago which I should be glad to see adopted if it would work practically, but I am afraid neither the United States, nor perhaps France or Spain, would agree to it. It proceeded from a sovereign who was altogether disinterested in the matter—the Emperor Alexander, of Russia—who, seeing the jealousies of maritime nations, proposed that there should be a joint squadron, composed of ships of various countries, empowered by all to search for slavers, but bearing only one flag, and carrying the prizes before a court empowered to condemn them. That seemed to me a very reasonable proposition, but, despairing of being able to get such a suggestion accepted in its integrity, I proposed that the cruisers of various nations should sail together. But the American government, I am sorry to say, refused that proposition.

FOOD FOR THE FAMISHING—GOOD FOR EVIL.—Owing to an unfavorable season the farmers of several Counties in the State of Mississippi have for some time been in great straits for grains, and recent accounts from there demonstrate very clearly that not only inconvenience but absolute starvation has been the consequence. Appeals to the residents of their own State were in vain, and, at last, when necessity became imperious, a public meeting was called, and one Major Hawkins was deputed to go to the Northwest and procure in some way, and from any quarter, the needed aid. The Major started on his mission, and in the course of time found himself at Springfield, Illinois, the home of the President of *these*, but not their, United States. Of course, the outraged "suckers" at once seized, bound, questioned, and tortured the cereal Envoy preparatory to an intimation that his room was preferable to his company. Had they done so, we esteem it no difficult task to find instances of parallel hospitality in the home of the Major, wherewith to justify the cruelty of the operation. But, on the contrary, the gentleman was astounded by the kindly atmosphere that surrounded him from the moment of his arrival until the hour of his departure. He was dined and wined and made in sundry ways the recipient of the most unbounded hospitality. Subscription lists were started most liberally and continued in the same style until sufficient means were obtained to purchase 1,000 bushels of grain, sacks included, which were at once sent to the destitute and needy farmers of Mississippi, who have received them gratefully, and as yet evince no disposition to repudiate the tender. The Major was astonished, and being a man of shrewd judgment, did not fail to display in the most unmistakable manner his lively gratitude at such unlooked-for treatment. He wrote to those who sent him a detailed statement of his experiences, adding that the farmers of Illinois, who were abundantly supplied with grain of every kind, had offered to furnish them still further with food *for credit*. This, it seems, was a cap-sheaf that the Mississippians *par excellence* could not stand. They at once surmised, with financial shrewdness, that the people of Illinois had sent them the grain because they desired to open a heavy trade with them, and partly, too, because they feared the chivalric people of the independent State, and wished to be upon good terms with them again. The Brandon (Miss.) *Republican* makes this "humiliating" confession:

"How humiliating to every Mississippian to know that, *after cursing and denouncing the people of the North*, as our citizens have been in the habit of denouncing them, *we are compelled to turn around and beg them for bread, and they, in turn, are trying to kill us with kindness*, by treating our agent with the greatest respect, and not only giving him more than he asked for, but paying for the sacks to put it in. It certainly places us in a very humiliating position, and we heard Major Hawkins abused for going there and begging corn, but we say he has done right, and thousands of starving children, widows and orphans will bless him for his efforts to keep them from perishing with hunger. Some narrow-minded, contemptible demagogues say that the citizens of Illinois give us corn because they fear us and wish to get on good terms with us again. We believe they are actuated by purely Christian motives, and that they have purer and better hearts than those who make such charges. Whilst we would rather labor day and night from one year's end to another than beg either from them or anybody else we would not hesitate to beg if our little ones were starving."

GEORGE W. CURTIS AT NEWTOWN.—A very large and intelligent audience assembled on Wednesday, 13th inst., from many miles around to listen to the last lecture of the course which has been in progress at Newtown during the winter. As it was expected that there would be a considerable attendance from a distance, attracted by the literary fame of the gentleman who was announced to address them, the time was appointed at three o'clock in the afternoon, to enable persons to return home before a late hour in the evening. The large upper hall of the exhibition building was well filled—more than half of the assemblage being ladies. Shortly afterwards, the lecturer, George William Curtis, of New York, was escorted into the room by the Committee, and introduced to the audience by Mahlon B. Linton. Mr. Curtis was welcomed with applause by the audience, and proceeded to deliver his lecture upon the "Policy of Honesty." This, it will be remembered, is the production that Mayor Henry would not suffer him to deliver in Philadelphia last fall.—*Bucks Co. (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

The Nashville Banner says that the following paragraph is a specimen of the general character of the business letters received in that city from citizens under Jeff. Davis's government:

"This infernal secession business, I am fearful, will ruin the country. It was certainly conceived in sin and born in iniquity—its father's eldest son, the devil; and I have no doubt all the little devils, together with the Esquire, are now having a good time over it."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

PROBABILITIES AND POSSIBILITIES OF SECESSION.

THE oracular utterances of the Fourth of March are beginning to explain themselves. We are about to have the first fruits of President Lincoln's firm purpose "to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government," by which we can judge as to what the after-crop will be. The first historical act of the new Administration, it seems to be allowed on all hands, is to be the surrender of Fort Sumter! We beg its pardon, we mean "the evacuation"! Of course, there is a vast difference between the two things. Quite as much, under the circumstances, as between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. If, indeed, the Confederate forces will permit the substitution of the one expression for the other. We doubt very much whether they will. General Scott says that the evacuation is a military necessity. General Beauregard, who is said to be the best Engineer officer in the country, knows that a surrender is every whit as much of one. Having encompassed Fort Sumter with fortifications bristling with cannon, manned with three thousand troops, commanded by the best officers West Point has ever turned out, it does not seem to us likely that he will permit Major Anderson to give up his command on the easy terms offered him before his resolute stand had compelled all these vast preparations for its reduction. Nor yet that the United States will be permitted to send in a transport to remove them.

We apprehend that when Major Anderson intimates his readiness to evacuate, leaving his flag flying and a corporal's guard to surrender it after he is gone, he will be most politely informed by Gen. Beauregard that that is a little thing he cannot be permitted to do. If he will surrender himself and his men prisoners of war, they shall be treated with all courtesy and humanity; but if they attempt to leave the Fort in any other way, they will be fired on, as will be any United States vessel entering the harbor to take them off. A safe-conduct may be offered to any messenger of his to Washington; but in the meantime his supplies and shore communication will be cut off. Can there be any doubt that the Lieutenant-General would advise an immediate compliance with the demands of the besiegers? Of course not, for the military necessity would be tenfold greater in this case than in the other. An evacuation, such as Gen. Scott contemplates, is substantially the same thing as a surrender, but formally is a very different one. The same, or nearly so, as to the humiliation of the United States, but very different as to the triumph of the Confederation. Abstractly, it matters not much who pulls down a piece of bunting from the top of a staff; but, practically, it matters a great deal. The circumstances of the case, as the innkeeper told Yorick, may make no difference in the *sin*, but they make all the difference in the world in the *scandal*.

We presume that Mr. Lincoln intends to "hold, occupy and possess" Fort Pickens, and whatever other United States works are within range of the Confederate cannon in the same way that he has done, or is about to do, with Fort Sumter. Now, we beg it to be understood that we agree entirely with the results at which Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet have arrived as to these fortifications and his general policy as to the Seceding States. We regard the permanent holding of these places as moral and physical impossibilities, and, consequently, their surrender as political as well as military necessities. In other words, we hold—what the Lincoln Cabinet is thus virtually conceding—that the Revolution of the seven States is perfect and complete, and that it is the duty of our government to acknowledge their independence and proceed to make the best treaty it can with them. Admitting the abstract truth of all the constitutional theories about the unity of the American people, and Mr. Lincoln's own doctrine that there can be and is no such thing as a secession of a part of the States from the Union, the practical difficulty exists that the impossible has been done, the impropriety committed, and that seven States are actually out of the Union and have beaten the United States in the only trial of arms to which the question has been submitted. For a victory may be won, and by arms too, without the firing of a gun or the shedding of a drop of human blood. No nation, of course, admits the right of any of its parts to separate themselves from it. But after the separation has actually been made, the next question is, what is the wisest thing to do under the circumstances? George III. utterly denied the right of the thirteen Colonies to revolt, and he did his best to argue them down with the final logic of kings; but, after seven years trying, he had to give in and conform to the new state of facts.

Now, it is admitted, on all hands, that a military conquest and occupation of even the seven States which have formed the new Confederation is a military impossibility. If the attempt should be made, it would be signally defeated. A certain amount of annoyance might be inflicted upon them by a blockade of their ports, when we should have collected or built a sufficient navy for the purpose. For England and France would pay no regard to a mere paper blockade, and would demand an actual force at the mouth of every port of entry sufficient to enforce the blockade. But the ruin that would be thus occasioned would fall almost entirely on the heads of the Northern merchants, who do the commercial business of those ports. The planting interest would be comparatively untouched, as long as the rivers and the railways remained open to the transportation of their staples to market. And any attempt to obstruct these would lead to immediate forcible resistance and the actual war the Administration deprecates. A state of things would thus exist which would inevitably create much bad blood if it did not occasion the shedding of any good blood. And this it would be almost impossible to avoid, in such a state of passion as must grow out of such a state of things. We hold, therefore, that the truest statesmanship demands a recognition of the existing facts, and national action founded upon them. The seceded States must either be conquered by force of arms, or their independence acknowledged. But they cannot be conquered by force of arms. Therefore, the sooner their independence is acknowledged the better. This is the weak and ridiculous point of Mr. Lincoln's policy towards those States. He pretends to believe that those States are still under his government, while he avows his intention of abstaining from any act of government within them, and from any attempt to control their illegal action, while he is carrying out the plan of Floyd and Toombs by the surrender of the strongest place yet in his power to parties who are in an insurrectionary movement against the United States, according to his own Inaugural. He is somewhat in the predicament of that cautious sportsman who refused to pull the trigger when he had sighted his *coon*, because if he waited awhile perhaps it would drop down dead! If he is not inclined to bestow powder and shot on his coons down South, he had better give up the chase and let the rascals run.

What this thing may grow to we will not absolutely undertake to say. Although the present position of things is a literal fulfilment of the prophecy we uttered in THE STANDARD of December the first: "If they are bent on going out of the Union, as we trust and believe they are, they will meet with no molestation in the process from the General government or the North. Notwithstanding the bullyings of some Republican presses and orators, there will not be a cannon, a musket, a pistol, a squib, fired off to hinder their Exodus." Still, the facts have not yet occurred on which we can rest an authentic statement to our readers as to what they have to expect. Should the Border States join the new Confederacy — which Heaven in its mercy grant!—then it may well take its place respectably, as to numbers, in the family of nations. Should the fear of the escape of their slaves Northward, without hope of recapture, overbear their horror of the thirty per cent. import on each head of human cattle they export Cottonward, and they should yield to the blandishments of Seward & Co. and remain with us, the history of the next year or two may be very materially modified. We do not doubt that the new Confederacy, even in its present dimensions, might keep itself along in a kind of political vitality, as some of the South American States manage to do. But this will not content the vaulting ambition of Jefferson Davis and his compeers. They will crave a larger theatre on which to play their fantastic tricks before high Heaven. Then they will begin to intimate their gracious willingness to enter into a treaty for a reunion with us. They know well the eagerness with which the Administration and the Republican party would throw themselves at their feet. On condition, as we suggested last week, of our assuming all their public debt and reimbursing the several States for their secession expenditures, and restoring all the dismissed and resigned army and navy officers, from Twiggs and Tatnall downwards, they might be wooed back to our embrace. Poor dear South Carolina, who began the secession, and without whom it would never have been, and who has been thoroughly in earnest from the beginning, may resist and recalcitrate—she may even stay out for awhile by herself—but even she must yield to the setting-back of the tide and find herself in the Union again. Then will Jefferson Davis be saluted, as he leads back his triumphant States, as the Second Father of his Country and the Restorer of the Union, and Democrats and Belleverett men everywhere will unite in making him the next President of the United States by as large a vote as gave us our Pierce. An odd issue out of all our afflictions, but by no means an impossible one. But the great lesson will remain, that one State is stronger than all put together, and that the Union can be dissolved whenever the parties to it think it does not answer its purpose. Perhaps the next experiment will be made farther North, and with more permanent results.

PRAYER IN BEHALF OF SLAVERY.

NOTHING is more shocking, when one comes to *realize* it, than the application of religious ideas and influences to the support of injustice and wickedness. Yet the very commonness of this thing, among the American people, prevents our realizing it; prevents our understanding and appreciating the fact that a great sin is daily committed among us under the guise of a great virtue, and that we are rejoicing and triumphing in a thing which really indicates deep depravity.

If a nation, or a large proportion of the men and women of a nation, were accustomed habitually to recognize their duties and responsibilities to God, *and to turn this recognition into the channel of a practical fulfilment of their duties and responsibilities to their fellow-men*, as Christ commanded, the progressive welfare of that people would be secured beyond doubt, and in spite of misfortune, for they would practically have placed themselves on God's side, trusted in his methods of operation, and insured the protection of his overruling Providence; they could correctly appeal to the Infinite Father as, in the highest sense, *their* rock, their fortress, their defender; and their work might justly cheer itself with the assurance that *all things* were working together for their good. They could say of nature's works, in the language of Cowper—"*My* Father made them all!" And, using the powers he has given for their legitimate purposes, working together with him in the promotion of justice, truth and liberty, they could do this daily work with absolute confidence that it *must* tend to the welfare of themselves and of the great whole, even though this work should lead them to a burning fiery furnace, to a lion's den, or to a Virginian gallows.

If, on the other hand, the religion of a people expends itself upon mere form and ceremony, upon acts of barren worship like the Tartar "prayer-mill," leaving their actual daily life, with its varied relations to the men and women around them, to be directed by selfishness, this people will as surely fail to attain true welfare.

But if a nation uses its religion to fortify vices and evils—if it applies its devotional energies to the raising of tares—this is worse than to let the spiritual field lie simply barren; this is putting far off the attainment of true welfare, because it is doing a vast amount of work which must be slowly and painfully undone before prosperity will be possible.

There is too much reason to believe that the state last described is our state.

Our "religious newspapers" congratulate themselves upon the fact, and weekly spread the evidence of it before their readers, that we are, to so great an extent, a *praying* people.

They further report the fact, rejoicing in this also as the performance of a duty, and the right way to obtain a blessing, that, by concert of action, the prayers of the Churches have, for several months past, been applied to the preservation of the American Union.

It may be useful to inquire—apart from the influence, great or small, which these prayers exert upon God—whether they do not exert an influence upon the persons praying, and upon the like-minded persons who read the accounts of these prayers in the daily and weekly press, directly and strongly tending to the accomplishment of the object prayed for.

In these prayers it is assumed that the continuance of the Union which now binds our Northern and Southern States in one nation is a highly desirable thing.

As far as these prayers suggest a *method* of accomplishing the work assumed to be so desirable, they petition that the hearts of men, especially of pious men, may be turned away from agitation, and from controversy on the subjects which now divide them, and may be turned towards union of feeling and union of action.

In these petitions, and the exhortations which alternate with them, there is no specification of whether this agitation had better cease, and this Union be attained, by the going over of the wrong side to the right, or of the right side to the wrong. Not only is union of feeling and action prayed for irrespective of this consideration, but the *mention* of this consideration is positively forbidden, and actually excluded by the directors of these meetings. It is forbidden as being "a *controverted* topic." Here is the testimony of an exceptional brother on this point, as manifested, some time since, in the "Business men's prayer-meetings" in Cincinnati.

"In nearly all the exhortations and prayers that we hear offered on this subject, whilst there is a full and free recognition of sins, personal, social and national—such as our impenitence, unbelief, ingratitude, pride, self-sufficiency, and forgetfulness of God—there is scarcely a syllable uttered in regard to the great outstanding sin of our nation—that which, beyond all question, is preeminently the sin on account of which God has a controversy with us—we mean *slavery*. This, as ever, is treated as a very *delicate* subject, that will bear no handling."

The Chronicle, a Baptist paper of this city—a "religious" paper—gives an instance of the enforcement of this rule, but, instead of calling the attention of its readers to the wickedness of so conducting prayer as to hold complicity with sin, calls their attention to it as a good joke, as follows:

"The rule of the Union Prayer-Meetings which forbids the introducing of controverted subjects into prayers or exhortation, not only interferes with the devotions of some brethren of strong denominational convictions, but sometimes gives rise to amusing incidents. At the Union Prayer-Meeting in Philadelphia, a few days ago, a German brother, in the course of an earnest prayer, prayed, 'O Lord, forgive us our great national sin'—ding, ding, went the leader's bell. The Teutonic brother did not understand the meaning of the interruption, and so reiterated his petition, 'O Lord, forgive us our great national sin.' Ding, ding, went the bell again, and this time the speaker forthwith sat down in astonishment. At the close of the hour he made his way up to the leader's desk, and thus accosted that individual:

"'Why did you stop my prayer?'

"*Leader*—My good brother, you know controverted subjects are forbidden in these meetings.

"*German Brother*—Did I pray upon a controverted subject?

"*Leader*—Yes, you know slavery is a subject about which there is great difference of opinion, and it would cause ill feeling to have it mentioned in these meetings.

"*German Brother*—Slavery? I said nothing about slavery. I was about to ask forgiveness for our national sin of *swearing!*

"*Leader*—Ah, was it so, indeed? It was all a mistake, then. But you know that by 'our great national sin,' slavery is generally understood. I'm very sorry."

The editors of *The Independent*, who praise and coöperate with these "Union" prayer-meetings, making no protest *in them* against the wickedness in question, make the following feeble queries in regard to the specimen of pro-slavery devotion just mentioned:

"What reason is there for excluding the topic of slavery from a prayer-meeting, that would not equally apply to such subjects as the keeping of the Sabbath and the use of intoxicating drinks? Are all Christians agreed as to the obligation of the Sabbath and the mode of its observance? Are all Christians agreed as to the principle of total abstinence? Do all alike refuse any form of intoxicating drink? Why select slavery alone, as the topic to be prohibited in a union-meeting of Christians for prayer?

"Do not all evangelical Christians agree that the system of American slavery is contrary to the gospel, iniquitous in the sight of God? Is not the countenance given to this system our great national iniquity? Is it then forbidden to be touched upon in prayer, because it is a *national* iniquity? We have grave doubts whether God regards prayers that are compressed into a strait-jacket of political expediency, and uttered in the constant fear of man."

They "have grave doubts" whether God regards such prayers! We should suppose there was no *doubt* about it, any more than about the notorious fact that the people who *call* themselves "evangelical Christians," and who are recognized as such by *The Independent*, are as much divided, in theory and practice, in regard to slavery, as in regard to wine, or tobacco, or Sabbatism, or novel reading, or any matter whatever.—But we return to our subject.

The prayer-meetings seek a continuance of the country in Union, as a matter of the greatest importance, asking, as the necessary means thereto, a union of feeling and a union of action among the people. The people who thus pray are Democrats and Republicans, but they are at the same time *Union* men, the latter as much so as the former. When they leave the prayer-meeting they read their respective political papers. The Democrats read Buchanan's Message, and the comments of *The Journal of Commerce*, and find there that the Union for which they have been praying can be secured by repealing the Personal Liberty law and obeying the Fugitive Slave law. The Republicans read Seward's speech, and the comments of *The Albany Evening Journal*, and find precisely the same saving measures recommended there for the same purpose! And when Sunday comes they read their "religious" paper, and find that its editor expresses great encouragement in regard to the safety of the Union from the fact that God's people (the regular attendants on prayer-meetings, whether slaveholders or not, are of course "God's people") have been earnestly praying for it at the morning and noon meetings all the week, and showing a readiness to cease from agitation and to shun "controverted topics" for the sake of attaining this great blessing.

When it is thus made plain to the praying voter (upon whichever side) that by this measure of discouraging agitation and promoting concession he may at once help forward his political party and help the fulfilment of the prayers of "God's people" throughout the country, can there be any doubt as to which course he will take? His party connection and his Church connection alike urge him to oppose agitation and to favor concession!

But what is "concession"? And what is "agitation"?

Concession, which he favors, is the deliberate agreement not to oppose the greatest wickedness now practised in this country!

Agitation, which he opposes, is the attempt to displace this wickedness from its present acceptance in Church and State, by the substitution of justice and freedom!

What a result, to come from a grand combination of daily prayer-meetings!

What a result, to come from a "great revival," extending over a period of two or three years, and converting hundreds of thousands from "the world" to "the Church"!

That this "revival" and these prayer-meetings have operated, and are operating, throughout this country, in precisely the way here indicated, for the continued support of slavery, is a clear and incontrovertible truth.

James G. Birney, an orthodox church-member, who was converted by Abolitionists to the performance of a duty which his Church had never even attempted to teach him—the duty of emancipating his slaves—testified as long ago as 1840, and thenceforward to the end of his life, that the American Churches were "the bulwarks of American slavery." The evidence of this fact now, in 1861, is far stronger and more abundant than even in his time. Take this little illustrative circumstance, which we find stated in *The Independent* of January 10 without comment:

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.—Rev. John B. Jones, a Baptist missionary among the Cherokees, has been compelled to leave the country by the United States Agent, on charge of being an Abolitionist. Lest he should be marched into Arkansas by the military, and left there to the tender mercies of vigilance committees, he was compelled to hurry away with his wife, when she was too feeble to ride except in a reclining position; and they camped out for ten nights, fearing to sleep at houses lest they should be seized by border-ruffians. They have now made their way safely to Illinois.

Will any one ask—How is *The Independent*, how is the American Church, concerned with an act purporting to be done by "the United States agent"? We will tell him.

The Cherokees, here mentioned, are a slaveholding nation.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—a great Union institution, being formed by the combination of people of several of the sects calling themselves "evangelical"—and one of the most popular and powerful representatives of the American Churches, found these Cherokees pagans in 1817, and founded a mission among them.

The missionaries of the Board did not oppose slaveholding, but favored it by the reception of those who practised it into their Churches as Christians.

As the influence of the missionaries increased in the Cherokee nation, the number of slaves also increased; and Rev. Selah B. Treat, one of the Secretaries of the Board, represented the increased number of slaves in the Cherokee nation, and the general preference there felt for investing money in this "species of property," as one of the results of "*the doctrines of the gospel having exerted their appropriate influence.*" (See *Missionary Herald*, the official organ of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, October 1848, p. 349.)

Many complaints were made by some of the patrons of the Board, respecting this shameful conduct of the missionaries, but the Prudential Committee suffered it to go on without interruption, constantly praising their missionaries as worthy and faithful men.

The Independent, through all this, supported and praised the Board, and used all its influence to silence, suppress or evade the complaints made against it.

In 1860, the slaveholding of the Cherokee people, church-members and others, still continuing, the Board discontinued the mission, expressly affirming, as the reason of this step, that the Cherokees had become "a Christian people," and that *their* business was to preach *to the heathen*. They added, to prevent misconception, that this discontinuance had *not* been made on account of the slaveholding of the Cherokee nation, nor because of any unfaithfulness on the part of the missionaries, whom they declared to have been "exemplary in the discharge of *all* their missionary duties"! (Annual Report for 1860, pp. 137-142.)

The Independent upheld the Board in this, not less than in its former pro-slavery action!

Now, these slaveholding Cherokees, certified by the American Board to be "a Christian people," allow a Baptist missionary and his wife to be driven violently and hastily out of their country, "on charge of being an Abolitionist." And *The Independent*, instead of exposing the monstrous falsehood of the pretence that they have been Christianized by the action of the Board, busies itself in persuading its readers to give a larger support to the already enormous expenditure of that body.

To the disgrace of a degenerate Protestantism, Garibaldi, a Roman Catholic, understands the character of Christianity better than the clergymen of *The Independent* and of the American Board. In his farewell address to the people on leaving Naples, Garibaldi used this strong language with reference to the Bishop of Rome:

"Before fighting against the enemy outside, you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly, and without a veil. In using this privilege, I tell you again that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian, as you are. Yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery and has proclaimed the freedom of men; but he who oppresses his brothers, who betrays his country, is not and cannot be a Christian; *he denies the very principle of Christianity.*"

Until the American Church shall recognize the duty of following Christ in preaching deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, her pretence of being a Christian Church is a mockery, a delusion and a snare; and the duty of the true Christian is to testify against her prayer-meetings, her fasts, and her sanctimonious Sabbaths, not less than against that slavery which they are made to uphold.

VOICES FROM SCOTLAND.

THE report on the first page of a large and influential anti-slavey meeting lately held at Edinburgh will be found worthy of attention. Dr. Guthrie's review of Dr. Hodge is especially well timed and well directed. Taking that gentleman as a representative man of the leading Churches in the United States, Dr. Guthrie does not hesitate to declare that they are "ROTTEN AT THE CORE"—that "THEY HAVE MORE NEED TO BE PRAYED FOR THAN THE PLANTERS THEMSELVES." These, be it remembered, are the words, not of Garrison or Parker Pillsbury, but of the foremost pulpit orator of Scotland, and they were indorsed by the enthusiastic plaudits of a large assembly in the literary capital of that country. Dr. Cheever, it will be observed, was warmly received, and his denunciations of slavery and its clerical defenders and apologists in the United States loudly applauded. He branded "the whole brood of pro-slavery commentators and preachers, North and South," as "reprobates of a licentious theology," "prophets of a slaveholding Christianity," "factors of infidelity," who "distorted the truth so that enlightened consciences could not receive it, and so falsified revelation that no one could believe in it as divine, and in a holy God as the author of it." This is a mirror for the Adamses, Lords, Van Dykes, and Seaburys, and the editors of not a few of the so-called religious newspapers in this country.

The Independent, it will be remembered, lately set up the claim that Dr. Cheever was "A PRODUCT AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GENUINE CHRISTAIN ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN THE UNITED STATES"—meaning thereby the "anti-slavery sentiment" cherished in the Churches of which that paper is an exponent. If this were true, might we not expect that *The Independent* and kindred sheets would be eager to let their readers in this country see what Dr. Cheever, as their "product and representative," is saying and doing on the other side of the water? The proof of their insincerity is in the fact that they never publish a line of information on the subject. The speeches of Drs. Guthrie, Alexander and Cheever will never be found in one of the popular religious papers in the United States—*not one!*

THE LATE TRAGEDY AT CLEVELAND.—II.

THE ACCUSATION.

POOR LUCY! She is handled in Cleveland far worse than a pirate or parricide would have been anywhere in the wide world. Earth and hell, it is reported, were ransacked to find wretches wicked and mean enough to aid the creatures who undertook to arrest her. A hideous array of them was collected from various quarters, which I have not the courage to attempt to describe. Poor Lucy was at length hunted down and confined like a felon. Her fellows of her own complexion, a Cleveland paper confesses, were in many instances gratuitously assailed and outraged. Her white brothers and sisters, as if united in a damnable conspiracy, refused to come to her rescue. And so, the old tragedy of Calvary was reënacted! She is hurried before a national tribunal, to respond *to what accusation?* "What evil had she done?" Of what offence had she been guilty? A fit question, surely, to be insisted on in disposing of the problems which the Cleveland tragedy forces on our attention.

LUCY HAD BEEN SUBJECTED TO INSULTS AND INJURIES ALIKE INDESCRIBABLE AND UNENDURABLE. This was the sum and substance of the indictment on which she was arraigned. For this, she was exposed to inflictions which it would ungod the Deity to visit on any of his creatures. She was not charged with invading any human right — with attempting anything anywhere, anyhow, any when, unwomanly—with perpetrating any deed which high Heaven forbids or discourages. So far as the process which affected her was concerned, she was as innocent as was Jesus before Pontius Pilate! Not the shadow of the slightest offence against God or man was alleged! Through the weary years of her lean and battered life, the heaviest injuries had been heaped, mountain upon mountain, on her unprotected head. She had been ruthlessly stolen, either from the palpitating breast of her poor mother or from some other quarter. Her womanhood had been reduced to an article of merchandise by hands many times worse than piratical! Her personality most impious lips had, in the solemn language of legislation, pronounced property! As a chattel, she had all along been held by villany unparalleled and unfathomable. Her "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" had been trampled under swinish hoofs. She had all along been exposed to toil without wages, stripes without even an accusation, prostitution without succor or redress! She at length fled away from the den of pollution and blood where she had been confined. She urged her weary way, exposed and apprehensive, onward through multiplied obstructions and dangers, to New Connecticut—onward to the city of Cleveland. She thus resumed her natural rights—was as truly, according to the ordinances of Heaven, as the wife of Abraham Lincoln, a free woman. As such, she applied herself to the tasks and appropriated the privileges which belong to our common humanity. As such, she had the strongest title to the protection, sympathy and coöperation of all around her. Of all this, and of nothing else, she stood accused before the horrible, hideous tribunal which the great conspiracy had established at Cleveland! This, and nothing else, was the head and front of her offending.

What if Lucy had been a white woman of culture and refinement, the blood in her veins derived wholly and confessedly from Saxon origin? What if, confined with Lucy, she had escaped from the Bluebeard's castle? Would the citizens of Cleveland have laid their harpy hands violently upon her as a felon? Would they not have regarded her with lively sympathy and warm admiration? Would they not have proclaimed her a heroine? Especially if she had been stolen from the bosom of some family among them, distinguished for its position and relations? Higher, stronger claims on their confidence and complacency poor Lucy presented. Without culture and refinement—without any of those artificial advantages which sensualists so highly value, she was grandly heroic. Illiterate, unfurnished, friendless and forlorn, pronounced and disposed of as a chattel, she had soul enough to attempt, amidst the most chilling discouragements and the most frightful obstacles, the recovery of her native rights. Had they not been a herd of craven, profligate, shameless lick-spittles, utterly sold to the demon of slavery, the people of Cleveland would have gathered exultingly around her, welcomed her to their hearts and homes as their sister, "who had been dead and was alive again," and pledged "their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor" to her protection. They would have vied with each other in affording her shelter and encouragement. And had any creature, under the name of her owner, assailed her, he would most promptly and effectually have been frowned back to the hell from which he had emerged. He would have been made to feel to the core of what he called his heart that, instead of chains on her limbs, Lucy deserved a garland on her brow, fastened there by a thousand hands.

And yet, in Cleveland, Lucy was legally threatened with pains and penalties too horrible to be fitly admitted into the sphere of legislation, on no other pretence than that she had all along been the victim of wrong and outrage! BECAUSE, for tedious years, she had been subjected to insult and injury, the people of Cleveland lent their countenance to the attempt, made in the name of law, to reduce her to insult and injury during all her remaining days! Will they not think of this when, in hell, they may hereafter beseech Lucy to dip the tip of her finger in water and cool their flame-tormented tongues?

BERIAH GREEN.

TO THE CLEVELAND UNION-SAVERS.

AN APPEAL FROM ONE OF THE FUGITIVE'S OWN RACE.

Men of Cleveland, had a vulture
Clutched a timid dove for prey,
Would ye not, with human pity,
Driv'n the gory bird away?

Had ye seen a feeble lambkin
Shrinking from a wolf so bold,
Would ye not, to shield the trembler,
In your arms have made its fold?

But when she, a hunted sister,
Stretched her hands that ye might save,
Colder far than Zembla's regions
Was the answer that ye gave.

On your Union's bloody altar
Was your helpless victim laid;
Mercy, truth, and justice shuddered,
But your hands would give no aid.

And ye sent her back to torture,
Stripped of freedom, robbed of right—
Thrust the wretched, captive stranger
Back to slavery's gloomy night!

Sent her back where men may trample
On her honor and her fame,
And upon her lips so dusky
Press the cup of woe and shame.

There is blood upon your city—
Dark and dismal is the stain;
And your hands would fail to cleanse it,
Though you should Lake Erie drain.

There's a curse upon your Union!
Fearful sounds are in the air;
As if thunderbolts were forging
Answers to the bondman's prayer.

Ye may bind your trembling victims,
Like the heathen priests of old;
And may barter manly honor
For the Union and for gold;

But ye cannot stay the whirlwind,
When the storm begins to break,
And our God doth rise in judgment
For the poor and needy's sake.

And your guilty, sin-cursed Union
Shall be shaken to its base,
Till ye learn that simple justice
Is the right of every race.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...XLVIII.

FEBRUARY 25th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Permit me in the first place to advert to a misprint in my letter about Lord Brougham's reply to Mr. Redpath. I spoke of *disclaiming*, not *disdaining*, Lord Brougham as a representative of anti-slavery opinion in England, in the matter of gradual emancipation.

The time has come at last for Europeans to feel what even Americans must consider a due interest in American affairs. It is not yet a very intelligent interest; at least, so it must appear to you and me; for the most amiable, generous and sympathizing of your English kindred, or those who really desire to be so, have only one style of good wishes. They are hoping every day that you and the South are composing your differences, and going on again as before! They are watching the border States in absolute faith that the decision of the whole matter rests with those States; and they would be utterly lost and confounded under the news that you were dreading above everything the chance of a renewal of the Union. As the chances diminish, we will hope that our European public will grow wiser in its wishes for your future—a future important beyond all estimate to the destinies of the world. The word reminds me—how do your Southern and other patriots manage now about "Manifest Destiny" and the Monroe doctrine? I suppose it is a sort of necessity to young nations to desire territorial extension, and to mistake magnitude for greatness. One cannot wonder, while some old nations—as the French—have the same ambition.

being weakened and corrupted by long repression and servitude, the Italians have shown themselves instantly qualified for good government—to devise it, to administer it, and to live under it. Every part of Italy has yielded men worthy to help to organize the nation; men of thought and learning, men of sense and observation, men of conscience and the simplest disinterestedness. They sowed in tears to reap in joy; and the sheaves they now bring with them are genuine bread of life for the people. I need not enlarge on the converse case. For purposes of convenience, a vice was involved in the republican scheme of America; what mere calamity could have produced consequences so fearful! The world was all before them—those founders of the Republic; they had freedom at their command; and they believed that their posterity would always have freedom at their command; but this one element of vice has destroyed not only the polity in which it was enclosed, but the national character and reputation. Tyranny has been driving out freedom, year by year; passion has made children of the citizens on the one hand, and cowardice has made slaves of them on the other. If the old spirit of liberty and patriotism still exists, where is it hiding? How is it that tyrants, traitors and cowards bear rule, and represent the nation to the world, and that the faithful few—the Abolitionists—have been struggling against all the forces of society all these years, to uphold the standard under which the national independence was achieved? It has so happened because indulgence in any admitted vice eats out the very life of a nation's as of an individual's heart. A noble and long-cherished aspiration has made a great nation of the Italians in an hour. A submission to a vice has lowered the American nation, in three-quarters of a century, to a point at which speeches like Mr. Seward's are adventured by a foremost man in the State, and tolerated and even applauded by legislators and some of the people whom they represent. It could not have been worse, and it might have been better, for the nation to have been living under the iron rule of an Austria all this time than under the constraint of a great crime. The national spirit might have been wounded then; but it is poisoned now; and that is surely worse. All is not lost, however, while there are ten righteous men who may save the city. We know of *them;* and let us hope there may be tens of thousands still. If anything can bring them out into the field, it will surely be the treatment the Abolitionists have met with in the cities where their townsmen should have delighted to exalt them to the high places of honor.

Among the effects produced here by your revolution one is, that tory newspapers assume that your troubles are the result of popular government. They represent this as a fact; and it is for the purpose of damaging the enterprise of parliamentary reform at home. *The Times* takes the lead in representing the Republic as broken up by liberty, and not by slavery. The ignorance shown in this, and in many other matters of importance lately, has drawn much attention to the faults of the great newspaper; and the cynical *Saturday Review*, itself liable to the same kind of judgment, has given to the blunderers of *The Times* the name of "the happy-go-lucky brigade"—a title which will stick. There is a world of talk and activity about growing cotton in a dozen countries; and no doubt we shall soon—in a very few years—be in a condition to sustain our manufacture without supplies from America. Our recent news from India reports of "wild orders for cotton" being received at Bombay. Thus we shall soon know what India can yield at present.

You will have learned that the announcement of the emancipation of the Russian serfs on New Year's day (copied into *The Liberator*) was a mistake. The facts, up to our latest telegrams, are these. The emancipation was promised from one quarter of a year to another; and it was known here to be impossible because the requisite measures had not been taken. It did not happen, as promised, in October; nor in January. Then it was promised for February—the present month. Now, the promise is that the proclamation shall be issued in March, and that the emancipation will be appointed for next October. This is the latest form of promise; but some intelligence came with it which bodes ill. The Council of State is discussing the Emperor's scheme; and the only practical point yet arrived at has been reversed by the Council. The clauses thus far considered have been those in which the general principles of the case are embodied—with one more. That one declared that the directors throughout the empire should be elected by the communes. The Council has set aside this all-important provision, and substituted for the election, appointment by seigneurial authority. I need not explain the importance of this indication. When the Emperor has carried his point, and satisfied the world as to what the point is, we may rejoice. And we may rejoice now that the matter has gone too far for retractation; but, in climbing this lofty summit of human welfare, let us not shout till we are beyond the range of the avalanche. The present is, perhaps, as critical a day for the Russian polity as for the American; and the more we know of the difficulties in each case, and of the parties who should be doing steadily a very plain duty, the more doubtful the issue appears.

The meeting of the first Italian Parliament is full compensation for many political doubts and sorrows. It is, perhaps, the great event of the century. We shall see soon what the new French liberties amount to. At present, it seems as if they were the Emperor's resource under perplexity and dread from the scandals of his financial connections, and his breach with the priests. Time will show whether anything can be made of a boon so occasioned, or whether it is the purchase-money of further liberty of aggression on his neighbors. The last thing conceivable is that he confers liberty in reality, and for its own sake. Gaëta has fallen, in spite of his effort to prolong the struggle; and he bears the stain of all the blood that was shed during the period of his intervention. H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XXVI.

PARIS, February 21, 1861.

THE European affairs of the present hour, important as they are, sink almost into insignificance when compared to the American crisis, and we are watching with the deepest interest the progress of events on the other side of the Atlantic. What a singular spectacle do we witness! A regular election, made after all the constitutional forms, without bloodshed or violence, immediately followed by the open rebellion of the minority; the bands of the Union broken by the very people who had always, in the name of the Union, claimed so many sacrifices from the North; and, on the other hand, the conquering party, almost afraid of its own victory, and perhaps too willing to abandon all the fruits of it, by a compromise which might secure for centuries the omnipotence of the pro-slavery interest; between the two, a corrupted and weak central government, unable and unwilling to enforce the laws. The furious insanity of the South will, I hope, carry everything before it, and not leave room for the cowardly attempts of the statesmen who are ready to bargain for right and wrong, and to pay with the blood of millions for the continuance of a so-called Union which their enemies do not respect. It is full time that the North and South should separate: such a disunion is marked by nature. In the North, we find all that the wisdom of centuries, the experience of mankind, has been able to produce; an *ideal* form of government, the most admirable development of the different parts of the political body; a moral, well instructed, religious, laborious people. In the South, we find only the grossest kind of barbarism, one race reducing another to slavery, and right and wrong, family ties, religion, suppressed in favor of a reigning minority. Montesquieu, the immortal writer of the *Esprit des Lois*, would himself find something to learn in the New England towns and villages, and might, if he could revise his great work, add thereto a new chapter; but he would only turn with disgust from a Southern plantation. When De Tocqueville wrote his famous work upon American democracy, he had only in mind the admirable results worked by the culture of the North, and slavery appeared to him like a dark shadow upon the admirable construction of Franklin and Washington. Recently, F. Lacordaire, when received as a Member of the French Academy, drew a parallel between the American democracy and the European democracy, and left all the advantage on the side of America. As his speech was read just at the time when the first dissolution news arrived, everybody ridiculed Lacordaire's enthusiasm for American democracy. I still believe that he was right in praising as he did the American ideal of politics, respect of the law, respect for the people's rights, a deep sense of the importance of education, hatred of war and bloodshed; but these praises only apply to the *Northern ideal*. Where Garrison, Emerson, and Theodore Parker, and the Abolitionists, have lived and do live, there is America, there is the American soul. The North and the South have been like two rivers, one pure, springing from granitic mountains, the other poisoned and muddy. These two rivers have been forced to mix their waters; let them flow separately, and you will soon recognize how different their waters are. What has a Northern confederation, the centre of free emigration, of intellectual improvement, of material and mechanical progress, to fear from a few cotton States which military despotism only will be able to keep together, and where insecurity of life and property will soon reduce the white population to its minimum? Northern people must look in the face of disunion, and they will no longer be afraid of it. There are times when a man must choose his way, and when moderation is no more moderation, but weakness. Think of King Victor Emanuel, when he began the war for Italy; how many conflicting reasons must have agitated his mind; but over all these he saw *one idea*, and followed it. What is the use of sentimental speeches about the Union, the Constitution, and so forth? Do but say to yourselves, Slavery is hateful, we have been rendered responsible for it by our Union with the South, but the South now chooses to break the Union, our responsibility ceases from this day. We do not violate the laws, we do not call for violence; but if our enemies break the ties of union, this is no reason why we should give up our constitutional victory, all our principles, and the very destinies of the republic. Mr. Seward, by his action in the Senate, has covered himself with shame; and it gives me much pleasure to observe the consistent and honest attitude of Charles Sumner, who won so many friends here during the time of his illness.

The American affairs take more space than usual in our French papers. The opinion is unanimous against the South. There is but one writer who takes the side of the slaveholder, M. Granier, who calls himself De Cassagnac; but I must add that he is one of the most despised of his class, and that his opinions are of no importance whatever. Victor Hugo has just published an engraving which attracts much attention. It represents the execution of John Brown. In a very dark sky one sees nothing but the faint outline of the martyr, hanging from the gibbet; one ray of light comes from heaven over his head. The general effect is very striking and poetical.

Our own European affairs are much entangled. Italy, fortunately, seems to have a good wind in her sails. Gaëta is taken, and the French troops will, I hope, soon leave Rome. Think of the city of the seven hills being the capital of a constitutional kingdom. In France there is nothing new—"*Il n'y a qu'un messonge de plus.*" I mean to say that all the promises made by the Imperial decree prove to be nothing. Fifteen days after having promised some degree of liberty to the press, Persigny has sent an *avertissement* to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and has exiled the director of it, a foreigner, whose name is Ganesco. In the Senate, there has been a most interesting discussion upon the new system. The President of the Senate, M. Troplong (whose speeches always are *trop longs*), said, in an elaborate report, that books were sufficient for the expression of public opinion! As for papers, they must be submitted to peculiar restrictions; the regime of the periodical press, therefore, ought to remain what it is; and, said he, with satisfaction, "the government has promised that it should not be changed." Speaking of the right given to the two Houses to make a reply to the speech of the throne, he says that "the Addresses, instead of being a field of battle, will only contain loyal and patriotic information on the state of the country. Discussion will have for its object to instruct the power, not to overthrow it. The Ministers will only be responsible to the Emperor, and will not be the representatives of a majority whom another majority could dismiss." "Recently," says this interesting document, "people have thought that we were on the eve of changing our political system and of adopting constitutional institutions, of which the country knows the weakness and the danger. These thoughts were vain phantoms and mere illusions." So much for the people who might think that empire means liberty! You must remember that the man who was uttering these sentiments was the most important political functionary of the State, the President of the Senate. What is to be expected from a Senate which has applauded such things, and given to the report of the President a majority of voices which amounts to unanimity? (The minority consisted of two.) The right principles embody themselves in the right men; imperial slaves will never be the agents of a constitutional government.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1861.

YOUR leader and my incidental paragraph on the Inaugural have been the occasion of divers strictures, not over complimentary to either of us. I have no wish to reopen the discussion, but a few general observations, naturally suggested, will not be deemed impertinent.

The character of a paper does not stand upon a single editorial, nor is the tenor of its correspondence to be judged from an occasional letter. The words and acts of public men may or may not deserve censure, according to the point of view from which they are regarded, or the rule by which it is sought to determine their character. Everything goes by comparison. We are agreeably or painfully disappointed, according as may have been our expectations. A very little will please one who has been looking for nothing; while much more will disappoint another whose expectations have been larger.

These general principles ought to be borne in mind, whether it is the President's Inaugural or your paper's strictures thereupon that is the subject of criticism. It is your duty, being set for the purpose, to hold the standard high; it is none the less your correspondent's privilege, if he should so choose, to express gratitude for small favors. And if you once in a great while, and he more frequently, should over-do the matter, your readers will remember that—*errare est*—fallibility is one of the incidents of our nature.

You will see I make a difference between the responsibility of an editor and that of a mere correspondent. The latter may take liberties not accorded to the former. He may give more vent to his feelings. He may express—within bounds, to be sure—vexation or jubilation, just as he may happen, from causes before him, to be in the mood. But not so the editor. The impersonality of his position forbids the manifestation of individual feeling. He must be dispassionate, and, in his leaders at least, must treat all subjects with judicial impartiality. He must hold the balance even. He must neither make haste to judge, nor must he postpone judgment.

Ah, my dear friend, I am glad that it is you and not I that sit on the tripod; for another difficulty of your position is, that you have to be oracular as well as judicial. Now a correspondent is allowed to accommodate himself to "the shifting scenes," and to say one thing one week and another thing another, just as appearances at the time may indicate. Such, at least, is the general usage of the craft, though I do not say that this correspondent avails himself of the accorded privilege.

I don't want to be tedious, but on this subject of just judgment, I am, in the language of the Inaugural, "loth to close." It is a matter that lies at the base of our movement, and involves a principle of action, a right apprehension of which is essential to all right conduct. There is a class who are continually saying, "Don't judge, it is wrong to judge," etc., who simply mean by this, "Don't judge unfavorably." You may, for all they care, express a judgment of approval; you may even speak in terms of high praise, and they will find no fault; but lift your voice in condemnation, and then is sure to come in this self-assumed plea for charity, "Don't judge, it is wrong to judge." If this be not simple nonsense, it is because it is something worse. Indiscriminate praise is no less to be deprecated than indiscriminate censure. Indeed, it is more; for it does more harm. Unjust censure provokes resistance and reacts on the accuser, thus often curing itself on the spot. But undue praise, falling in with the best feelings of our nature, as praise is apt to do, meets no dissent, and thus gradually evil is put for good, and the sanctions of virtue made to cover the deformities of sin. Censoriousness is an ugly feature of character, but false charity is no improvement upon it. Has it never occurred to you, when these sticklers for forbearance have been deprecating judgment, that they have been saying two words for themselves to one for their subject? "Judge not" is a good Scriptural injunction; but Scripture is to be interpreted by Scripture, and the same authority that says, "Judge not," says also, "Judge righteous judgment."

But coming back to THE STANDARD—for these thoughts have been a digression—there is a feature in its character which I think is not fully appreciated. I allude to the intelligence its columns evince in regard to all the political movements of the day—in this country, and in Europe as well. It is not a political paper, neither is it a "religious" one, and yet there is no other journal in the land, better "posted," as the phrase is, on all questions, political and ecclesiastical, that claim public attention. Between your excellent Washington correspondent and your own busy pen and scissors, your readers have a fair *resumé* every week of all that is important to be known in the political happenings of this country, while the letters of your London, Dublin, and Paris correspondents give us a general idea—all we can take in—of what is going on in the same line abroad. The scope of observation and minuteness of knowledge exhibited by "H. M.," on the great political questions of the day in both hemispheres, is a continual challenge to my admiration. The more so as, by necessity of her sex, this distinguished writer and reformer is precluded from what would be called an active part and personal interest in the political arrangements of society.

The equal participancy of women with men in our anti-slavery movement has been made an objection to our organization on the score of efficiency. It is admitted that, in view of the moral aspects of the question, men and women stand on the same level; but, in its political aspects—the ones which now mainly present themselves—it is contended that women, not having the same motive to interest and inform themselves, must be disqualified for equal coadjutorship. In reply to this we are content to point to HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England, to ABBY KELLEY FOSTER of this country, and to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, ELIZABETH H. JONES, and other noble women not a few, in vindication of our policy. No anti-slavery lecturer in the field has ever delivered abler dissertations on the party aspects of the question, than have been delivered in this city and elsewhere by Mrs. A. K. Foster. I am inclined to think that if the Abolitionists of this country were to select from their ranks the person best fitted, in their judgment, for usefulness in the higher walks of diplomacy, their choice would rest on a woman. The notion that women are disqualified for the discharge of state duties is a relic of barbarism. That they can render powerful, not to say equal, assistance with the more muscular sex, in revolutionizing the politics of a country, is a fact which no longer admits of question.

In ecclesiastics, as well as in politics, as already intimated, THE STANDARD is equally competent, by its stores of information, to enlighten its readers. Your "C. K. W." keeps us apprized of everything that is going on of interest in the religious world on the subject of slavery; and that takes in everything of real importance, at the present moment, in the sayings and doings of the Church and Clergy.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that the Abolitionists, though non-jurors in politics, and—the best of them—"come-outers" in religion, disperse more useful knowledge in regard to Churches and parties, priests and politicians, than does perhaps any other body of people. They have demonstrated their own proposition: That it is possible to shape the course of a party, to dictate the policy of a state, to agitate, sift and dissolve a Church, without being either politicians, citizens, clergymen or communicating members. Great is Truth! and Abolition is its prophet. "Truth is stronger than all things"; who can resist its progress, or what withstand its power?

In my last, the hope was expressed that our Solons at Washington would not hinder the blessings which Heaven was ready to bestow upon us. When the long-looked for hour is extended to us of deliverance from slaveholding rule and slave-driving bloodguiltiness, why may we not be permitted to accept it? Present appearances, I am pleased to say, favor the idea that, whether from virtue or necessity, we shall at last be constrained to pursue in this matter the course of wisdom. The following is from a Washington despatch:

"There are Republicans here, of high political standing, who assert both knowingly and positively that the secret of the unexpected consent of Gov. Chase and other radical members of the Cabinet to the surrender of Fort Sumter, is their firm belief in the inevitability of the ultimate division of the country into two confederacies, one entirely free labor, the other slaveholding, and their desire to bring about the separation without bloodshed. That this idea has been broached in Cabinet council is certain."

There is one thing, if nothing more, to be said in favor of our new Cabinet; they are competent to keep their own counsels. Such impassable reticence is something new at Washington. To the demand of friend and foe, as to what are their plans and purposes, the members of the government are alike inexorable. This is right. It has been objected to a democratic form of government, that it cannot, in time of war, act with secrecy and dispatch. The history of this administration, so far as it can be done in so short a space, proves that this objection is, at most, only half true. Whether, when it does move, it will act with an energy sufficient to make up for its tardiness—that being the argument in behalf of a popular government—remains to be seen. It must be admitted that, on this point, there is some doubt and a good deal of anxiety.

The time was when the mere fact of Mr. Seward's being chief adviser to the Executive would have imparted a strong degree of confidence to the friends of freedom; but now the effect is rather the contrary. By his foolish-wise course of late, this astute statesman has made even his friends feel doubts of him. They don't much doubt that all his talk of concession was mere make-believe, intended to lull suspicion and gain time; but still there is a little under-current of fear that he may have been in earnest, and that at this very time he may, with his great powers of influencing others, be concocting some plan of surrender on the part of the North as the means of recovering the seceded States. This idea unhappily gains favor from the fatuitous way in which he has taken occasion to speak of the Union. The freedom that is "always in the Union" is not the freedom, as they understand it, that anti-slavery men have been bargaining for. "What does Mr. Seward mean by this sort of talk?" they ask with painful solicitude. One of the curses of cunning is, that a man who resorts to it loses the confidence of his friends as well as of his enemies. Strategy is no part of true statesmanship. Reticence may be advised by wisdom, but dissimulation never. If a man can't speak the truth, when he is solicited, without doing more harm than good, let him hold his tongue.

If it were not for this Machiavellian policy (for I can't think it is anything worse) of Mr. Seward, the people would now have occasion to feel comparatively easy as to the administration of public affairs. With Lincoln and Hamlin at the head of the government, and Seward, Chase, Welles, Bates, and Blair in the Cabinet; with Fessenden and Wade, Sumner and Wilson, Wilmot and King, and the like, in the Senate, and Lieutenant-General Scott in command of the army; with Charles Francis Adams, William L. Dayton, Cassius M. Clay, and others of the same character to represent us at foreign Courts, and men such as the President and Senate may approve to administer the offices of trust and power at home, we ought to be allowed to feel a more peaceful sense of security as to the course of our political ship than is at this time generally cherished. The apprehension that prevails is due not so much to distrust of the officers in command as of the vessel itself. The old hulk is not seaworthy; or, to come back to the President's more appropriate figure, the "machine, as he finds it," is hard to be made to "run." Some of its screws are loose; some of its timbers are rotten; there is an inherent defect in its construction, and the whole thing is ricketty. If Mr. Lincoln and his journeymen will tighten it up, and replace its rusty pins and bands with sound ones; if they will remove the decayed parts as useless, and guard against disturbing forces and undue friction in those that remain; if they will, after the example of Jefferson and his advisers, assume a little extra-constitutional authority, and *mend* the machine a trifle, he will find it much easier to "run," and the people will approve his work and applaud his engineership.

Of course, as an honest man, a President ought to abide by the Constitution, according to its intent and meaning; but he must beware of a too literal as well as of a too liberal construction. The boot is made for the foot, not the foot for the boot; if it is too tight, it must be stretched. So of the Constitution. Mr. Lincoln's duty—so at least some reason—is to stretch the Constitution to the extent that may be needed to cover the purpose for which it was made. If it break in the process, so much the worse for the Constitution. It only shows that it ought to be broken. Certainly, if Mr. Lincoln hamper himself needlessly by a narrow interpretation of his duties, he will in so doing show that he is not "the right man in the right place." M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1861.

IT is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the policy of the Administration towards the seceded States, and for the best of reasons—the Administration has not yet settled what its policy shall be. But it must do so very soon, or the government will be destroyed. There is no use in denying that the seceders have played their game adroitly, and at every step thus far have beaten the government of the United States. Their last great triumph is the surrender by President Lincoln of Fort Sumter into their hands. This act will cause a more general rejoicing throughout the cotton States than any other in their history. But it is unfair to make Mr. Lincoln responsible for it. He has no more to do with the surrender of Fort Sumter than he has with the prevalence of diptheria in the country. Sumter could have been reinforced three months ago—yes, two months ago—but Mr. Buchanan would not do it, well knowing what the result would be. He must take the entire responsibility of its surrender, for the course he deliberately followed led as certainly to its evacuation as if he had sent written orders to Major Anderson at a certain day to abandon it.

But while Mr. Lincoln yields to a military necessity at this point, it is absolutely necessary that he should have a bold policy one way or the other respecting the great rebellion. He must either take steps for the early recognition of the Southern Confederacy, or call upon Congress for aid in his attempt to execute the laws. To go on as we now are going will very soon bring this government to embarrassment and utter disgrace. This government has a high tariff—the Montgomery affair a low one; and European goods will be sure to find their way into the United States by the way of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. *The Evening Post* states the case forcibly:

"The importers arriving at the Southern harbors will know how to address the custom-house officers. 'We have a cargo,' they will naturally say, 'on which we do not care to pay duties just at present; we must deposit it in the warehouses for the term during which we are permitted to do so by law.' What will the officers of the customs do in that case? The government has no longer any warehouses in the seceding ports. The hold of an armed vessel would neither be a proper nor a sufficiently spacious repository for the goods. The duties in that case cannot be collected; and the collector will be puzzled to know whether to let the ship proceed to her port or to detain her.

"We happen to know that there are importing houses at this moment preparing to take advantage of this opening for an unencumbered trade. They are getting ready to convey their cargoes to Charleston or Savannah; the goods will be landed there, and then brought coastwise to New York, where, being importations from a port within the Union, they will be subject to no duty. The new tariff, with its strange formalities and ingeniously devised delays, forms an additional inducement with them to take this course."

What is Mr. Lincoln going to do about it? His treasury will soon be bankrupt, unless measures are taken to enforce the revenue laws, or to recognize the slave republic. The moment that we acknowledge the new republic, we can provide against the introduction of foreign goods on the frontier. Notice what the staid and conservative New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"We have no hesitation in saying that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy should not be delayed a day longer than can be helped after once Fort Sumter is surrendered to it. When Major Anderson retreats from that fortress, it will be irrevocably gone from the Federal government of the United States. No one dreams that it, or any other fort, will be retaken after that."

So, you see, we seem to be drifting towards an irrevocable "dissolution of the Union." Unless the government instantly asserts itself, such a result cannot be averted. But how shall the government assert itself? The President cannot legally collect the revenues on board men of war, nor can he close the Southern ports. Congress would give him power, undoubtedly; but it is evident that the President does not care for an extra session, unless he is compelled to it. There are many excellent reasons why he should not desire one. In the first place, it would set the compromise business agoing instantly. Now, we are safe till next December, at least, and by that time a compromise will be too late. For this reason, the anti-slavery Republicans dislike the idea of an extra session, while for another—the passage of new force measures—they favor it. The Conservatives and Compromisers are in the same predicament, for they too wish and do not wish an extra session. The question must soon be decided.

The Senate has vacated certain Senatorial seats, and directed the Secretary to erase certain names from his list. The singular selection of names thus stricken from the roll—it will appear *singular* to the people generally—was made because the Senators singled out declared openly in the Senate their purpose of leaving that body, and followed the declaration by actual absence. The other seceding Senators made no such declaration, and therefore it was thought best not to declare their seats vacant.

Mr. Douglas is trying very hard to coax and drive the government along his path of compromise and concession. He starts out with the proposition that we have not the power to overcome secession by force, and secondly, that it would not be desirable to execute the laws by force if we could. Then comes his "thirdly"—therefore we must keep the Union together by conceding everything which slavery demands! This is the Douglas plan of "saving the Union." Will Mr. Seward adopt it? Will Mr. Lincoln follow Mr. Seward's advice about it, or will he give his ear to Mr. Chase? These are questions to be answered erelong. Douglas knows very well that after a single blow is struck—after a battle—all hope of preserving the old Union, or reconstructing it, is gone. So he cries for peace, thinking that, with peace, compromise is sure eventually to gain the victory. But he overlooks one important fact, to wit, that the people of the free States are getting sick of the Union-saving business, especially as every slave State professes to hold to the doctrine of secession, which of itself makes the Union and the government a mere nullity. The people of the North and West are studying this matter leisurely, and, instead of making wicked concessions to traitors and rebels, will soon declare their willingness to allow their "Southern brethren" to depart from the Union in peace. This is the tendency of things now, as the recent able editorial in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* will show. If the government has no power to exert its authority over the seceded States, let them be acknowledged, and the line be drawn between the republic of freedom and the republic of slavery—the quicker the better.

It is thought that the Cabinet, as it is now constructed, cannot long hold together. It is supposed that such men as Chase, Blair, and Welles will be naturally opposed to the policy of Seward, Cameron, Smith, and Bates. But it must be remembered that the compromise question will not be likely ever to get into the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln is not going to try to *bribe* any measures through Congress, no matter of what character they may be. On the question of the proper defence of the government the Cabinet is a unit, and that is about the only question connected with partisan politics which will be agitated in the Cabinet. So that while Messrs. Seward and Chase would have been very sure of disagreeing in the Senate, it is not probable that they will differ in the Cabinet. The Republicans may split up in Congress, but the Cabinet will stand.

The savage onslaught of Douglas upon the Republicans, on Friday, in the Senate, and especially his set-to with Mr. Fessenden, reminded some of his hearers of the old times when he was working as hard to get the Missouri compromise repealed, as he now is working to make a new one with his Southern masters. He was exceedingly vulgar and abusive. He told Mr. Fessenden that he *knowingly* lied, and was offensive in his manners towards other Senators. Mr. Fessenden certainly had his revenge, for Mr. Douglas never before, probably, received so thorough a drubbing in his life. It was performed coolly, scientifically, and classically. I will not attempt to give you the exact language of the passage between them, but here is the substance. "You lie, and *know* you lie," says Douglas. "I do not reply to such language as that," replies Fessenden, "for *no gentleman* uses it." Then Douglas gets off a hint respecting *the code*. Everybody knows Fessenden does not acknowledge "the code." So he replies, "None but *a coward* will deliberately insult a man who he knows does not acknowledge the code." For ten minutes the Maine Senator went on, in the coolest manner imaginable, giving a slight hinting of the coarseness, egotism, and brutality of the Illinois demagogue. Times are changed since Douglas used to insult Sumner and Chase with impunity, and he made no headway in the use of his old weapons. Even his Democratic friends did not come to his aid, and seemed not to care for the issue of the contest. Indeed, three or four of the Southern Senators were much delighted with the punishment administered to the man whom nobody, North or South, dares to trust.

Douglas means to smash up the Republican party, and supposes that the Seward wing will join him in forming a grand Union, pro-slavery party. But his Friday's effort was a terrible mistake. He was so coarse and abusive that everybody present who makes the slightest pretensions to Republicanism was disgusted. But the Little Giant will not give it up so. He feels *sure* that erelong he can divide the Republican party in two, and that the Weed wing of it will readily join him and other Democrats in the compromise policy. So Douglas goes in very shrewdly for a *peaceable* separation of the slave from the free States. Let us have compromise, cries Douglas, but if not that, then *peaceable* disunion. He knows that war makes the separation final, or at least till slavery is overthrown. But if the separation is peaceful, he expects in time to commence the work of *reconstruction* upon a pro-slavery basis. Nor is he a fool in entertaining such expectations. The North loves the Almighty Dollar, and it is not impossible, I fear not improbable, that a reaction may come, under the influence of which a new Union and a new Constitution might be formed, far more dishonorable than those made by our fathers. If disunion comes, if the separation becomes perfect, the anti-slavery men of the country cannot lay down their arms, even for an hour, till slavery has no existence upon this continent.

AVON.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH LIBERATED.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that the imprisonment of Sherman M. Booth is at an end, and not less surprised to hear that his prison door was opened by James Buchanan. The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* of March 11th says:

"On going to the post-office yesterday morning, Marshal Lewis received an official document from the hand of Buchanan, dated March 2d, 1861, remitting the sentence of Serman M. Booth. Straightway the redoubtable official, with a promptitude worthy of all praise, went to the county jail of this county, and informed the custodian he had a free man imprisoned there.

"It is superfluous to say that Mr. Booth was surprised at this action on the part of one who has been so recreant to the rights of freedom, so devoted to the interests of slavery, throughout his term. On only one hypothesis have we an explanation to the proceeding, viz., that having expressed an intention to join the Church and be a better man the rest of his short term of life, Mr. Buchanan thought it best to invite Divine commiseration by one act of simple justice in an executive capacity. Be this as it may, Sherman M. Booth enjoys the pure air and sunlight without intervening bars and bolts, and there are few citizens of Wisconsin who will not rejoice with us that the hand of opppression has been removed from him."

FOREIGN MINISTERS.—We have already announced the appointment of Thomas Corwin of Ohio as United States Minister to Mexico, and of Cassius M. Clay to Spain. We have now to announce the following:

Minister to England—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Mass.
Minister to France—WILLIAM L. DAYTON, of New Jersey.
Minister to Italy—GEORGE P. MARSH, of Vermont.
Minister to Turkey—JAMES WATSON WEBB, of New York.
Minister to Austria—ANSON BURLINGAME, of Massachusetts.
Minister to Denmark—BRADFORD R. WOOD, of Albany.
Minister to Belgium—HENRY S. SANFORD, of Connecticut.
Consul at London—FREEMAN H. MORSE, of Maine.
Minister to Rome—RUFUS KING, of Wisconsin.
Commissioner to Sandwich Islands—THOMAS J. DRYER, of Oregon.
Consul at Havre—JAMES O. PUTNAM, of New York.

It is believed that Carl Schurz will be nominated for the mission to Portugal.

The constituents of Mr. Adams will take good care, we trust, to elect as his successor an uncompromising friend of freedom.

ESCAPE OF A VILLAIN.—Capt. Lathan, of the slaver Cora, confined in the Eldredge street prison for a felony in violating the laws against the slave trade, and whose guilt was so clear as to make his conviction almost certain, has been allowed, by the connivance of a Deputy Marshal, if not of Capt. Rynders himself, to escape. The scoundrel is said to be wealthy, and he has undoubtedly bribed those whose duty it was to keep him in safe custody for trial. The laws against the slave trade, in the present state of public opinion in regard to slavery, are a mere sham.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, at the election recently held there, chose Judge Berry (an Abolitionist many years ago) for Governor, by nearly 4,000 majority; elected a Legislature strongly Republican in both branches, and chose three Republican Members of Congress (the whole delegation). The Democrats and Bell-Everett men made a united and desperate effort to carry the State, hoping that the revolutionary movements at the South had frightened a large portion of the Republican party.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—"These sweet singing friends of freedom," says our Philadelphia correspondent, "are giving great satisfaction by their concerts. John's voice has improved in richness and compass; as has his sister Abby's (Mrs. Patton's) in a still greater degree. They are to sing next Monday evening (the 25th) in Sansom Hall, for the benefit of the "Statistical Association of Colored People."

THE COLLECTORSHIP of the Port of Philadelphia has not yet been given—whatever may be the intention—to Wm. B. Thomas. Our correspondent accepted too implicitly the report current, when he stated the appointment to be a fact. Ex-Governor Pollock of Milton and Thomas Webster, Esq., of Philadelphia, are among the candidates for the place.

THE SLAVE TRADE AND THE AMERICAN FLAG.—Read the speech of Lord John Russell in another part of this sheet, noting especially his allusion to the latest phase of the correspondence between the British and American governments in relation to this subject.

ERRATUM.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Deprecating your ferule, I beg you to understand that you, not I, have the responsibility of making Macbeth talk bad grammar in the line quoted in my letter. My chirography is distinct, and I am quite sure that if you will turn to the manuscript you will find that I wrote

"And damned be *him* who first cries, *Hold, enough.*"

Now try your taws on your proof-reader and show your impartiality. Lincoln's offence was much the less stripe-worthy. A SINCERE FRIEND.

Philadelphia, March 16, 1861.

Having read the above lines, we rushed after the proof-reader, with editorial taws uplifted, determined to administer, with judicial firmness, the punishment due to his ignorance and presumption. Ere the first blow had fallen, he cried, "Strike, but hear me," and we, restraining our indignation for the moment, allowed the culprit to make his defence. Laying his hand, somewhat nervously, upon an elegant copy of Shakspeare, he turned to the tragedy of Macbeth, act v. scene vii., and pointed triumphantly to the line—

"And damn'd be *he* who first cries, *Hold, enough.*"

The taws fell from our hand, whereupon the proof-reader, taking heart, boldly declared that if he had been ever so "stripe-worthy" for making the change referred to, the offence would have been more than counterbalanced by his magnanimity in supplying a comma omitted by our correspondent, the absence of which would have made nonsense of Macbeth's words. Unable to deny that there was an essential difference between "Hold enough" and "Hold, enough," we were constrained to own that the accused was at least even with "A Sincere Friend." Can our correspondent censure us for too great clemency if we own that we had not the heart to inflict upon the proof-reader a single stripe?

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Acworth, N. H., on the 14th inst., Rev. BROUGHTON WHITE, aged 88 years. He was for a long period the pastor of the Congregational Church in Washington, N. H. After his resignation of that office, he labored as a missionary in various places in New Hampshire and Vermont, where his memory will be long and gratefully cherished. The "modern degeneracy" of the New England pulpit in regard to slavery never reached him. He welcomed the first testimony of Garrison against slavery as a sin, his first call for immediate emancipation. He had a deep sense of the guilt of the American Church and Ministry in regard to slavery, and great admiration for Dr. Cheever on account of his fidelity in exposing their sin. For many years, till his dying day, he was a careful and deeply interested reader of this paper.

Summary.

THE BEECHERS are all an impulsive, odd race, doing good as they feel moved, without much deference to prescribed methods. It is told of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward, that walking through Elmira, N. Y., he saw a poor widow, who had no one to help her, sawing her wood. Immediately off went his overcoat and muffler, and sound ministerial muscle soon finished the little pile she had. The next day a cord of wood was laid before the widow's door, and sawed and piled by two men—the pay coming out of the Rev. Beecher's pocket.

ATTEMPTED INSURRECTION.—We have just received news from McKinley, Alabama, that a most damnable plot has been detected in that neighborhood. The negroes were furnished with arms and ammunition by white incendiaries, for the purpose of servile insurrection. The whole plot was fortunately discovered in time. These white fiends in human shape, who prompt the happy and contented negro to deeds of blood and violence, should be dealt with to the extreme penalty of the law.—*Atlanta Intelligencer.*

PROSCRIPTION.—They have recently put in force the new law against secret societies of colored persons in Maryland, at Hagerstown. The penalty is a fine of $50 for the first offence by a free negro, and for the second, to be sold as a slave for life out of the State. Slaves offending to be sold out of the State, or punished by whipping. Renting houses for such societies punishable by a fine of $500, or confinement in the penitentiary from five to ten years. The parties arrested are members of a benevolent society of many years' standing.

"MAS' JEFF, WON'T YOU TAKE A DRINK?"—Charles, a slave belonging to Col. Pollard, had been carried along "to do the agreeable" to his excellency Gen. Jeff. Davis, on his way to Montgomery, Ala., and imagining it was about time "to repeat," approached him with a nonchalance that was refreshing, and said, "Mas' Jeff., won't you take a drink?"

With a suavity of manner and good breeding that distinguishes no less a person than the immortal Washington, the President replied, "No, sir, I thank you!" and resumed his conversation.

The above is from a Montgomery paper, and is characterized as an amusing incident.

STAMPEDE OF NEGROES.—I spoke above of a stampede of negroes having taken place on Tuesday. I regret to say that there have been several lately; and though the account of them, for some reasons, has not appeared in the Southern papers, yet I have reason to know what I say to be true. A person connected with the night train of the South Carolina Railroad has communicated to me some intelligence which makes me fear that there is considerable disaffection amongst the negroes in the centre of the State, and, from what I hear, it arises entirely from the absence from home of their masters, and their consequent ill treatment by overseers—men who, never having had servants, know not how to treat them.—*Charleston Letter to the Pa. Inquirer.*

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN LOUISIANA.—Says the Baton Rouge (La.) *Gazette* of the 2d inst.: "We are assured on good authority that a gang of runaway negroes, about fourteen in number, are depredating almost with impunity on the property of citizens living on the eastern side of the Comite river, in this parish. They have been frequently seen in squads; some of them armed with shot guns, and, in one instance, a gun was put to the head of a white man by one of four negroes, who emerged from the bushes just as the former was in the act of securing one of their comrades. Twice white men are with these negroes, both armed with double-barrelled guns, and doubtless are the instigators of their thieving and insolence. An expedition is on foot to capture the whole party. If it succeed the white villains will get their reward. Of course, much excitement and apprehension exist in the neighborhood."

A COMPETENT WITNESS.—R. S. Tharen, Esq., of Wetumpka, Ala., once law partner of the Hon. W. L. Yancey, and recently expelled from the State of his residence by a mob, for the expression of opinions unfavorable to the present movements in the South, is now in Cincinnati. He proposes at an early day to deliver a lecture upon the condition of society at the South, in which he will relate his own advent

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY.

BY JEANNIE G. KINLEY.

WILL our Northern politicians quail before the Southern blast,
And with trembling limbs stand quaking, with their faces all aghast?
Or, rallying round their standards, strive their pledges to redeem,
And refuse to yield to slavery one more foot of land or stream?

Shall we hear their shouts ascending to the overarching skies,
"No Union with the slaveholder! No disgraceful compromise!"
God will judge the politicians all o'er this mighty land,
Nor will leave the cause of freedom to perish by their hand.

He will rouse the *honest* people to set their stern decree
Firm against the loathsome blackness and foul sin of slavery.
"Men are all created equal," was the motto of our sires,
And they pledged their sacred honor round freedom's altar-fires.

Thus Freedom's tree was planted, ere we drew our vital breath;
Shall we plunge its fair proportions in this slimy sea of death?
Shall our Fathers' gift be blighted by the crimes of traitor knaves,
And slavery clank its fetters o'er the ashes in their graves?

Shall our glorious Northern free land be the hunting-ground for men,
Where the bondman seeking freedom shall be sent to chains again?
Shall the polar star of freedom hide its scintillating light
From the sable sons and daughters who seek their dear birthright?

Shall old Bunker Hill and Concord feel the foul dishonored tread
Of the man-thief with his victim above their honored dead?
Shall our free States be the highway for slavery's car to roll,
Mocking God's eternal justice, crushing freedom from the soul?

Forbid it, God Almighty! Let the broad-based guerdon tree
Shoot out its friendly branches o'er a nation wise and free;
Let the leaves that have been blighted by slavery's baleful breath
Brighten in the beams of wisdom from the scar and hue of death.

Let every link be broken of slavery's hateful chain,
And from our hands and garments let's wash the guilty stain.
Yes, shatter every fetter, set every bondman free,
Shout *Freedom, not the Union*, and God and Liberty!

New Castle, Indiana, March 1st, 1861.

LIFE AT CHARLESTON.

IN QUIET TIMES.

From The (London) Once a Week.

WE hear so much just now of South Carolina, and of the proceedings of the people of Charleston, and the issue of the present excitement there must be so important, that persons who have never been there may like to know what is the aspect of the city, and what are the ways of the people of Charleston. I will, therefore, note down a few particulars, as they appear to a resident of a different part of the country. As a fellow-citizen under the general government of the United States, I am qualified to enter into their minds in a general way, while the broad differences in climate and its consequences between New England and a Southern State, may enable me to note and report peculiarities of manners and customs as a foreigner would do. Let my readers, then, think of me as a merchant from Massachusetts, visiting his sisters in their Southern homes, first, during an ordinary period of repose; and again, at a time when public affairs were supposed to look threatening. This last condition is a not uncommon one. Since the marriages of my sisters, I have three times been called to them, to see what could be done with them and the children, in case of political or social convulsion.

Once I went by sea, for air and coolness. Approaching the city in that way, I saw a long stretch of the coast: and I must say I thought it a very dreary one. The even line of forest on the low sandy shore; the shoals; the wide flats at low water; and the sameness of level within the whole horizon, make up a scene of monotony such as I had not anticipated seeing anywhere on our side the Gulf. When we came within sight of Charleston the dreariness did not go off. The city occupies the point between the two rivers Ashley and Cooper, spreading (as I afterwards saw from a church steeple) like a fan from the apex of the sandy promontory which it occupies. On either hand of our channel lay the islands, which produce some of the best cotton in the world. A few groups of dwellings appeared in front of the pine woods on the mainland. A few masts bristled on the water off the wharves of the city; and a vessel was on the bar, coming out, as we went in. On our right was Fort Moultrie on its island; and on the left, Fort Sumter, apparently growing out of the sea at high water. The most lively element in the scene was perhaps the black buzzards which are always moving about the harbor. They are as safe there as the doves in St. Mark's Place at Venice; they are the unpaid scavengers of the city, and are not to be meddled with. It is an odd sight at low water, to see a long row of these ugly birds perched on the line of stakes left uncovered by the ebb. There is nothing to be said for the beauty of the view from the shore at such an hour; and at high water, the sea is scarcely visible. It is a distant gray line, seen through either the reek of the slime of the harbor, or the haze of that sultry climate. I am always glad to turn my back upon the sea at Charleston, and shall always reach the place by land, if, indeed, I ever go there again.

We New Englanders are supposed by Old Englanders to know something about woods; but I doubt whether the railway cutting in South Carolina is less striking to us than to European travellers. It is a sensation worth knowing, to stand on the piazza in front of one of the sheds which serve for stations, and look at the railway one is about to embark on. There is nothing whatever to be seen but the track and the sky. The track is walled in by two lines of dark trees, cut as clean as if they had been sliced at one stroke. Between them the rails run in perspective till all four unite in one, which is itself lost just before the apparent meeting of the two lines of forest. It is impossible to conjecture how many miles away it is. At length some means of judging arise. The station-master's practised ear catches the tokens of a coming train. After a few minutes, his eye discerns what the stranger cannot see; but a moving object is at length visible to all—a point of a somewhat different hue from all else. For several more minutes it seems doubtful whether it enlarges; and one again and again supposes it has halted. It has approached, however, steadily, at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Before it comes up, exactly the same process is going on, on the precisely similar road on the other hand, on which the train I am expecting is travelling towards us.

Once off, there is an alternation between the two ordinary objects, the forest and the swamp. Both have great charms to my eye. The tall pines rise sometimes clear of branches to the very canopy, and sometimes screened with climbing plants, hanging out blossoms, red, yellow, and white. The gray moss of the tysandria floats from every bough and stem. The young aloes spring under the shelter of fallen trunks, and quick little lizards run along the prostrate stems. The silvery sand, scarcely tinged by wiry grass, spreads its soft surface as far as one can see under the trees; and the springs of water, which ooze out from the roots of some old tree, run clear as crystal in sun or shade. In the swamp we see to some depth, as the rails rest on piles and trestles, above the water. We can see water-snakes in the intervals of the flowering reeds and flags, waving in any casual current. I prefer passing these swamps in the day; for by night the frogs are too noisy for endurance. It is all a chance, however, what hour you pass any given spot. Time is of no value in these regions. Punctuality is not dreamed of, and no guest is expected till he appears. One may reach Charleston at any hour of the day or night, and the traveller should be prepared accordingly.

If he arrives by day, he will have seen some country houses within the last few miles; houses surrounded by some sort of tillage, and, most likely, cotton. The piazzas which run round to the back may be either of decaying wood, unpainted and bare, or shaded with honeysuckles such as are never seen elsewhere, large globes of luscious bloom, and yellow jasmines, before whose blossoms the humming bird is stationary while sucking the sweets, poised on quivering wings. In the fences, the yucca appears, the most northernly of the palm tribe; and the splendid Cherokee rose sprawls over hedge or rail, in long lines of blossom, here and there converging into a mass of flowers.

At length I arrive at Charleston. If by night, I perceive only that the streets are singularly quiet, underfoot and around. Underfoot is the deep sand still; and still liable to the holes which, in the roads, so aggravate the fatigue of travelling; and on the pavement nobody is to be seen or heard except the soldiers, who are never absent. The guarding of this city is as singular an illustration of eternal vigilance as could be found in any part of the world. The sense of security is absolutely unknown there; and the sleepless mood, and practice of suspicion and watchfulness, have become a second nature. If I am obliged to go to a hotel, from the lateness of the hour, I prepare for thorough discomfort. The negroes are lying asleep about the passages; the fires are out; no beds are ready, or none that a Yankee is disposed to try. I may have a draught of liquor, but there is nothing else; so I wait in the saloon for morning.

If I enter by day it is a very different affair. I walk from the station to my brother-in-law's house. There is an oriental air about the place very striking to a man from spruce, bright New England. The buildings have a hue of age, from the heat and moisture of the climate. The sandy streets in which no footfall is heard; the mulatto women, carrying water-pots or baskets of fruit on their turbaned heads; the tropical vegetation of the scattered gardens, and the precautions to secure shade everywhere, remind travelled men of oriental countries. The influence seems to have spread into the minds of the residents, if I may judge from some of the conversation I hear. One gentleman, who is a sort of social oracle in the city, has told me with complacency, more than once, that South Carolina society is "rapidly advancing towards Orientalism," pointing out to me, as evidence, the increasing discountenance of any sort of useful employment among ladies, their growing fastidiousness, and the exclusiveness which proscribes literature that is not of native growth, and the tightening restrictions which fence about the mind and manners of South Carolina. Since my last trip thither, I have seen in several Southern newspapers a characteristic paragraph. Some New England, or perhaps Old England, newspaper, had announced the fact that Lady Byron had left a legacy to Mr. Follen, of Boston, as an assistance to him in the difficulties he might encounter as an Abolitionist. At the end of this paragraph, the Southern papers inserted the observation that they could assure her ladyship (some time deceased) that if the South had been aware of her ladyship's abolition tendencies, her husband's poetry would not have obtained that currency which it had enjoyed in that region of refinement. I need not show English readers the points of this notice, which must be intensely amusing to them.

But it is time I was arriving at my sister's house.

These Yankee hostesses certainly make their guests more comfortable than the native ladies can do; but it is at great cost. The native ladies let things slide, as we say in America. If they can carry a point by one effort, they do it; if not, they yield it. If they can get an order obeyed by reasonable endeavors, they do so; but if not, they yield again. The Northern wives, to whom time, comfort, and a sense of achievement and success are necessaries of life, are apt to fret and fidget. The astonishing patience of the Southern gentry—not conspicuous in Congress, certainly, but truly amazing in their own homes—is a virtue beyond the reach of most Yankees; but, as a set off, the house of a Northern mistress is cleaner, the beds are better made, the meals are somewhat more punctual, the negroes less wheedling and wilful; in short, daily life goes on less languidly and with less disorder, and the good manners of the Northern guest are less severely tried. I own, however, that one thing that I do dread in paying these visits is the besetting nuisance of the servants. When one wakes in the morning, there are their black faces, one at each bedpost, staring at one; and it is no easy matter to get them out of the room at all. They are apt to be offended at being sent away; whereas the real insult is in the license permitted them as inferior beings. They are allowed liberties in common with the dog, the cat, and the canary. I never could reconcile myself to the domestic habits existing where the servants are slaves; but all sense of the distastefulness to myself is lost in the concern I cannot but feel for the children of the household. No attempt is made to separate them from the negroes. The thing could not be done. Their nurses are negroes; their playfellows are negroes; and what they hear from these companions is, in regard to the moralities and decencies of life, much what the dog and the cat would say, if they could speak. Among themselves, the negroes have the same inborn decorums that other people have, the same native purity. I could give a hundred illustrations of this. But the whites, who treat them as another order of beings, place themselves out of the reach of the instincts which render the blacks decorous in their own homes, and must not wonder at anything the children may hear from "body-servant" or playmate. I am sure this is the worst of the many troubles inflicted on mothers by the "peculiar institution." My sisters struggled with it for a time, endeavoring to keep their little ones always with them; but that did not much mend the matter. Negroes will talk; and the affair always ends in leaving the children to their chance, in the hope that their innocence may be their safeguard.

After getting up from my hard bed—truly as hard as the table, as it should be in a hot climate—and admiring the supply of cold water in one corner of the room, and turning out the fellows who do not like my way of waiting on myself, I see what may help to account for their intrusion. On the window-seat is a tray of fine fruit, prettily dished up in leaves. On the floor is a basket of delicate vegetables. Tray and basket show the cards of old acquaintances at Charleston; and so do the three bottles of a rare wine in the other window. On the dressing-table are two or three bunches of hyacinths, jonquils, jasmine, roses, etc., and there is a heap of envelopes containing tickets for lectures, orders of admittance to public institutions, etc. I am plunged into the flood of Southern hospitality already; and I am told that, if I had brought my wife, there would have been some rare ribbon, or collar, or fan, or bit of lace, or possibly all these. Considering the energy with which the Southern citizens proclaim themselves poor (and often with great truth), these methods of hospitality are remarkable. They are graceful, and not a little romantic, however.

After breakfast, my sister and I lounge for a while in the balcony which overhangs the court in the rear of the house. Below, we see the children, busy with their confidences and their play, each little white having a little black to play with and command; and very affectionate they look, going about with their arms round one another's neck. When the sun gets a little higher, the young masters and mistresses must come in to lessons.

The clergyman's wife—a Northern woman, who has far outstripped her native neighbors in her advocacy of slavery—happens to be calling when the children come in and get their books out. She ironically remarks that lessons are a sad necessity, and bids me observe that my nieces see little Nancy and Flora to be more free than they are themselves. My sister corroborates this, by relating how busy my nieces had been yesterday dressing little Nancy for a party, when they certainly thought her the privileged child of the household.

It is no desire of mine to talk on this eternal subject in a place where such discussion is never rational, never fair, and always useless; but neither I nor any one else can escape it. I have, now and then, felt tempted to relate at night the contradictory statements and arguments about slavery that I have heard in the course of the day; but I never introduce or prolong the subject which makes every advocate appear to disadvantage in one way or another. When with my brother-in-law in the city, at public institutions, at his club, or after dinner at a friend's house, I observe that I am never let alone ten minutes about "the peculiar institution." Everybody's mind is full of it—full of consciousness of the world's opinion of it; and by incessantly dwelling on it in a mood of party-spirit, the citizens have become unable to speak accurately or moderately on this subject, or to open their minds to any other. I find it truly a monomania. I am inclined to think that the citizens make their own case worse, by their way of talking to ladies. "The chivalry," as they call themselves, behave to ladies as might be expected from gentlemen who talk of their society "advancing towards Orientalism." Their talk is light and gay, gallant and flattering, and the unreasonableness of the ladies on the subject on which they talk most exceeds all bounds. I mean—of the ladies who do talk of it. Some are silent. They have dropped enough to my sister and me to show me why they are silent. I will only say that if native or stranger desires to know the worst of "the domestic institution," he need not seek the Abolitionist, or inquire in the street for an honest man who will tell him the truth. Let him learn what is thought of it by sensible, unsophisticated mistresses of Southern households, and he need go no further.

This incessant recurrence to one topic of controversy, when nobody wants to controvert, is one sign of the great characteristic, in my eyes, of Southern manners—the absence of repose. I am struck with this even in the society of the most languid ladies; but I find much more of it in my morning walks with my brother-in-law. The citizens are always finding mares' nests, it seems to me. Wherever I go, I see them fuming about some conspiracy, some defection or insult at Washington, some wound to their self-love, or to the dignity of the Palmetto State. On the wharves I am questioned about the intentions of the North in regard to the Abolitionists, and when the South may expect redress from them. In the public library and any reading-room, I can never get through a newspaper without hearing of the power of South Carolina to stand her ground against the assaults of a hostile North. In the mansions we enter, the books on the centre-table, and the newspapers generally, show the cast of politics of the household. The minority, who dread a severance from the Union and civil war, seek me, and try to learn how matters really stand in my own State, and whether we really want to crush South Carolina: and they tell me more than they dare tell their neighbors of their longing for peace and quiet, and for some freedom in reading, speaking and corresponding. At other houses, I hear these loyalists denounced as disloyal. It is chiefly on suspicion, for the minority are extremely cautious; but I hear one man of business tell another that they must expect no good of A or B, who shows no loyalty to the Palmetto flag, and none of the spirit which should distinguish the chivalry. After dinner in the drawing-room, I hear low-voiced communications, or loud censure of C or D, who is suspected of receiving letters from Washington, or publications from the North, which should never be carried in a Southern mail-bag. The clergy and the ladies catch up such hints, and incite one another to exaggeration, till, at some unlucky moment, a citizen who desires nothing but to follow his own business in peace and quiet, finds himself held up to social execration for taking in abolition papers which ought to be burnt by the hangman. Then the postmaster is sure to have a call from some dozen of the chief men of the place, who inquire about the correspondence of the suspected neighbor, and advise the zealous functionary to make known to the authorities any remarkable phenomena that may present themselves in the way of printed or even written papers. Some of the citizens have sons at college in one or another of the Northern States; and I find myself questioned by their acquaintance about the supposed opinions of this or that college, and the probable effect on the mind of youth. I even see the parents themselves scrutinizing their sons' letters, watching for traces of "bad opinions," and for evidence whether they are, or are not, upholding on all occasions the institutions of their own State. If I feel the wear and tear of this kind of chronic agitation during a visit of two or three weeks in ordinary times—called quiet—I cannot but be sensible of the evil of a perpetual residence in so troubled a social atmosphere.

When the children are at play with me, pulling me about at their pleasure, one or other of them is sure to want to know why I don't come and live with them. Then they tell me they wonder how I can bear to live among those terrible people by whom I am surrounded. On inquiry, I find that these terrible people are the working class, who are, as I am now informed, all dirty, all starving, all desperate, and so degraded, that they can only hide themselves in dens, and die like heathens. Like other children, these enjoy hearing stories; so I tell them the real story of the working men and their families in my neighborhood. I tell of their white frame cottages, with green venetian blinds; their shelves of books and evening studies; the church they have built; the lecture-room in which they hear lectures from some of the first men of the country, whom they have engaged to give them a course. Amidst frequent interruptions, to know whether Uncle is in earnest, whether Uncle means really so, I give a sketch of the working-day and Sunday of the fisherman, the shoemaker, the cotton-spinner, the cultivator, etc., and it is all very surprising, considering the general belief that all white laborers are famishing paupers. Still, the children prefer their own ways. They have artisans of their own: papa can make them do what he likes. Perceiving that I rather doubt this, little Lizzy tells me that they can all do what they like with the servants; and that she got "a boy" flogged last week for not doing what she bade him. My sister caught my eye at this moment, and explained that Carlo (a man of five-and-thirty) had been insolent, and that it was necessary to bring him to a sense of his duty. It did not seem to occur to the mother that the lesson would do more harm to the child than it could—in the most visionary sense—do good to the "boy" (as negro men are called to their latest day).

With the quick instinct of childhood, my nieces divined, without a word said, that I was displeased: and they hastened to tell me what "a fine boy" papa had in the country—meaning a capital fellow who could do anything. This is a story one hears in almost every house. Every family has, or has possessed, a singularly able negro, who is boasted of by his owners and by himself as a nonpareil. In each case I believe the thing is true; but it is not a fact fertile in consequences. Nobody perceives that it has any bearing on the question of negro capacity. In each case, it is a phenomenon to boast of, and yet an appeal to magnanimity to admit that a negro can be so clever. My sister smiles while Lizzy and Emma talk, and, as soon as we are alone, sounds me as to my admiration of their appreciation of the virtues of dependents, and of the fine feeling they showed, when they spoke of a passionate neighbor as "ungentlemanly" for having maimed a "boy" who had displeased him. She hoped I should admit that her children had at least not suffered morally from the circumstances amidst which they were reared!

Our drives are pleasant at the spring season I have described. I never grow tired of the woods, or the mansions, framed in their evergreen background, or the hedges of Cherokee roses, or the distant sea view. The heat is great enough to make one wish that these drives could be in the evening, and by moonlight. But the negroes ought not, as a habit, to be out of their quarter after sunset; so we must take our moonlight in the balcony, or enjoy its effects in a walk through the hoary old streets. If we dine out, we return early. The last time we went to the theatre we were at home within two hours. There was an obstinate whistler in the pit, who coveted the musicians for another purpose; and he took advantage of the habitual caution of the public. He was aware that the whole public would yield to him rather than risk any disturbance; and he gained his point. We all rose and went home before the play was done: and when bedtime came, we were still listening from the balcony for any token of "something being wrong." The streets are profoundly still at such an hour. Many a time have I seen all Broad street or Meeting street lying in the moonlight as if they were avenues of a deserted town: the sand flecked with the shadows of the yuccas or of the dancing roses above the wall; and the blackened ruins of St. Philip's church (after the second fire) standing up against the sky. I have been told twenty times over that a negro was presented with his freedom for giving the alarm about the fire, and helping to put it out; and I have as often wondered at the information being given by the same persons as those who insist that liberty is a mere curse to a negro, such as only the enemy of mankind could desire for him.

The fires at Charleston seem to create awe in the mere mention. The fire-bell has rung twice during my visits; and I shall never forget the impression. No great damage was done in either case, but it was agreed on all hands that the incident was becoming more common. Of course, the Abolitionists were concluded to be at the bottom of it. My sister came to rouse me, and bid me dress and look to my arms; her husband bade me stay with his family while he went to do his duty. The mother dressed her children with her own hands, and did her best to quiet their alarms. They asked me what their cousins did when there was a fire, and were surprised to learn that they had never happened to see one, as their mother and I had not wakened them. For this I was judged to be very remiss, "because," as Lizzy sagely said, "we never know what may happen."

One night in the week is lively enough—the Saturday night, when the negroes hold their market. They sit behind rows of lamps, their faces and their fruits shining in the glare. Some sell sweet potatoes of their own, and some the bananas, pineapples, and imported fruits which belong to their masters. Others display bedsteads, baskets, boxes, and various implements, made by themselves. These usually pay a fixed number of dollars per week to their owners for liberty to make and sell these things. The sociable creatures look merry, for the most part, and talk as for a wager: and the spectacle is one of the Orientalisms of the locality.

Of the other distinctive market—that in which these people are themselves sold—I will say nothing. To those who have not seen it, there is no use in describing it; because sensations are not objects of description; and those who have seen it are not likely to forget it.

Such is Charleston in spring. In summer, the gentry are, for the most part, gone. The clergyman's wife told me that there is something really very pleasant in spending a favorable summer at home, as her household had done the preceding year. They thought they would try for once; and they lived in the open air and shade, and enjoyed such leisure! At first, she feared lest her husband's duty should lead him into danger; but he was mercifully guided about that. One day, he was summoned to the bedside of a member of his Church; and he had reason to suppose it a case of fever. He desired the messenger to wait, shut himself into his study, and prayed for guidance. He walked to and fro for half an hour, and found his mind settled. As the father of a family, his first duty was to take care of his own safety; so he ordered the messenger to go, and not apply again. All such messages were stopped at the door; and thus the serenity of the family was complete. My sister and I agreed afterwards that in our part of the world a clergyman who obtained such an answer to prayer would have his gown pulled over his head, and be dismissed from leading other people's devotions: but, as she observed, it is somehow different here. People become so engrossed with the luxuries and graces of life, and so satisfied with themselves, as an aristocracy, that the pastor's duty becomes that of gratifying his hearers on Sundays, and celebrating marriages and christenings. Deathbeds—deathbeds from fever, at least—are out of his line. It would have been different with our friend and his wife, if they had remained in the Land of the Pilgrims.

I have left little space for the aspect of Charleston in a time of trouble. Its enjoyments and hospitalities during the loveliest season of the year have been pleasanter to dwell upon than anything I have now to say.

I paid a winter visit to my sister, for family reasons: and I made such speed in travelling, that she could not stop me on the way, when she and her husband wished it. One of those sudden alarms, or quarrels, under which South Carolina has repeatedly menaced secession, reached at once such a height that my relatives would gladly have warned me not to come within reach of suspicion and possible insult. I could not but see, from the moment of entering the State, that I had listeners always at my heels at the stations, and by my side in the cars. Every possible endeavor was made to draw me into conversation on sectional topics; and when I pretended to be asleep, to get some respite, I was aware that I was watched, my newspaper looked over, and the address of my hat box well scanned. When I reached Charleston, my brother-in-law awaited me with some ostentation, and patronized me in a way more novel than agreeable. He apologized for it, as soon as we were in the carriage, saying that it was the only way of atoning for having carelessly allowed me to come at such a time.

He looked worn; and not without reason. He had more duty on his shoulders than any man could get through. He took me everywhere with him, as the lesser of two evils. He was severely blamed for showing a free State man the resources and preparations of South Carolina; but he would have been more blamed still, if he had shut up a Northern man in his house, as if he was ashamed of him—a spy, of course.

I found myself unwelcome in most of the houses where I had been familiar before. The "Union-savers" were afraid of admitting me—being a depressed minority, dreading further humiliation. Two or three opportunities of private conversation showed me that they were greatly to be pitied, though I believe that a little more timely spirit would have set them fairly on their feet. They could have stood their ground against their equals, they said: but their dread was of the "Poor Whites," by whom they were sure to be informed against and pillaged, in case of a revolution.

These "Poor Whites" (non-slaveholding whites, too proud to labor, and destitute of means) wore a rampant air. I saw the State members from Congress address thirteen of them who called themselves the troops—saucy, ill-conditioned recruits, to whom Senators, and Governor, and Commander paid homage by addressing to them harangues about patriotism and the proposed destinies of the Palmetto flag. I saw the arsenal, Yankee as I am! I dared not laugh; but it suited only too well with the regiment we had been reviewing. In a former year I had not seen it, because "the key was not on the premises." Now the place was bustling enough, with the cleansing and giving out of arms. But such arms! and such a pittance of them! More had been sent for, however.

There was an attempt at gayety, and especially a State-rights ball, where every citizen was present, lest he should be supposed disaffected. I went; for I had no concern in the quarrel, and wished well to both Washington and Charleston. I saw that I had better not ask any lady to dance, for I was regarded with suspicion by the zealots around me. The ladies wore no jewels. They had thrown them all into the public treasury, and now wore flowers or nothing in their hair. They were weary of collecting old linen, and making lint and bandages, some of them told me; and they looked wistfully at me when I said they would find their toil needless. All the day, and all the night, we seemed unable to get out of sight and hearing of soldiers, drums, bugles, and gunfire. Our household never really believed in war; but in a few days we were suffering many of the inconveniences of it.

Our letters reached us in a state which showed us that they had been read; and several failed to arrive, as I found when I got home. The new taxation fell so heavily on the opulent citizens that they said all security of property was disappearing. My brother-in-law was disposed to send my sister and the children northwards with me, the next week, when all our plans were overthrown by the arrival of a deputation who called at night—(at night, "to spare our feelings")—with a recommendation from the authorities that I should take my departure immediately. A carriage was waiting in the next street which would convey me, sufficiently escorted, to a country station on the railway. If I did not go, it was feared that the house would be mobbed, and perhaps burned, next morning. This left me no choice. There was no charge against me but that of being and inhabitant of a Northern State.

Arrangements were made for my sister and her children to follow, unless public affairs should come round very soon. I was rather amused at the anxious questions about whether she could travel safely in the free States if known to be from Charleston. I could not help being proud in saying that little Lizzie and her mother might travel alone or together from Canada to the Delaware without fear of molestation from man, woman, or child.

Charleston has been quiet once and again since; and I have been once more in its society, enjoying many a laugh with the authorities and their wives and daughters about the alarms of that winter. But I told them then—and I hope they may not have forgotten it—that such little rebellions may happen once too often. I have always feared that they might have to learn this from experience; and I now apprehend that the time has come.

A SON OF THE PILGRIMS.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FLORENCE, January 30.

EIGHTY-SEVEN though he be, Mr. Landor enjoys most excellent health, and there is every reason to hope that his life may be spared many years to come. His has been a most wonderful constitution. Even now his hand is perfectly steady, he reads (with glasses) into the night, and can boast of never having been ill more than three times in almost a century's existence. He has never worn an overcoat since he was a boy, and always takes his walks unaccompanied. It is most interesting to visit Mr. Landor at his modest home in the Via Nunziatina, where he lives entirely alone. One always finds him in his little sitting-room, surrounded by paintings—for he declares he cannot live without pictures. His striking appearance reminds one of the traditional likeness of Moses—snowy hair and a snowy beard of patriarchal aspect, clear, keen, gray eyes and a grand head make the old poet greatly resemble Moses. At his feet is ever crouched a beautiful Pomeranian dog, the gift of a kind American friend, and the mutual affection existing between Mr. Landor and "Gaillo" is really touching. "Gallio's" eyes are ever turned toward his master, and upon the least encouragement the dog will jump into his lap, lay his head most lovingly upon Mr. Landor's neck, and deport himself altogether in a most human manner. "Gaillo is such a dear dog," says Mr. Landor, fondly patting him; "we are very fond of one another, and always have a game of play after dinner. Sometimes, when he is very good, we have two. I am sure I could not live if he died, and I know that when I am gone he will grieve for me." And "Gaillo," wags his tail and looks piteously into padrone's face, as much as to say he would be grieved indeed. Upon being asked if he thought dogs would be admitted into heaven, Mr. Landor answered, "And, pray, why not? They have all the good and none of the bad qualities common to men." No matter upon what subject conversation may turn, "Gallo's" feelings are always consulted, and from time to time his master addresses a few kind words to him, quickly responded to with dog-like gambols.

It is impossible to be in Mr. Landor's society a half hour and not reap advantage. His varied information, extensive acquaintance with the world's celebrities, ready wit and readier repartee, render his conversation most entertaining. He will narrate anecdote after anecdote with surprising accuracy, possessing, as he does, a singularly retentive memory. Names, it is true, he is frequently unable to recall and supplies their place with a "God bless my soul, I forget everything"; but facts seem to be indelibly stamped on his mind. Though the physical pulse beat feebly, the intellectual pulse has lost none of its vigor, and he refers back to the year *one* with as much facility as a person of the present generation invokes the shade of some fact dead a few years. You look with wonder upon a person who has seen Napoleon Bonaparte as a slender young man; Murat mounted upon a gold-clad charger, "an exceedingly handsome man, but coxcomical"; who has spoken with Talma, "and most perfectly did he speak English"; been in the society of Mrs. Siddons, "not at all clever in private"; conversed with Mrs. Jordan, "and a most handsome and agreeable woman she was; but that scoundrel, William IV., treated her shamefully. He even went so far as to appropriate the money which she received on her benefit nights." Malibran Mr. Landor describes as being most fascinating off the stage—and so on through a catalogue of notables far longer than Don Giovanni's picture gallery of conquests.

Being asked if he had ever seen Daniel Webster, Mr. Landor replied, "I once met Mr. Webster at a dinner party. We sat next to each other, and had a most agreeable conversation. Finally, Mr. Webster asked me if I would have taken him for an American, and I answered, yes, for the best of Americans!" Could a more delicate compliment have been paid? "I never studied German," he remarked upon another occasion. "I once was in Germany four months, but conversed with the professors in Latin. Their Latin was grammatical, but very like dog-latin for all that. What an offence to dogs, if they only knew it!" Then, lowering the tone of his voice, he laughingly added, "I hope Gaillo did not hear me. I would not for the world offend him. A German baroness once attempted to induce me to learn her language, and read aloud some German poetry, but it sounded like a great wagon banging over a boulder pavement." "The greatest compliment I ever received was from Lord Dudley. Being confined to his bed by illness at Bologna, a friend read aloud to him my imaginary conversation between the two Ciceros. Upon its conclusion, his friend exclaimed, 'Is not that exactly what Cicero would have said?' 'Yes, if he could,' answered Lord Dudley. 'Now, is not that a compliment worth having?'" Directing Mr. Landor's attention to the assertion in Pycroft's "Course of English Reading," that he (Mr. Landor) failed to appreciate Chaucer, the old man, much vexed, refuted such a falsehood, saying, "On the contrary, I am a great admirer of his. The Canterbury Tales I am extremely fond of. I much prefer Chaucer to Spenser, for allegory, when spun out, is unendurable." Who is there that in his heart does not agree with this final opinion? At Sienna, two summers ago, an American lady having expressed to Mr. Landor a hope to meet him the following season at the same place, he replied, "Ah! by that time I shall have gone farther and fared worse!" Happily, the prophecy was not fulfilled.

Mr. Landor's courtly manners and gallantry toward ladies are one of his most distinguished traits, and are the more noticeable from the rarity of so much external polish in the new school of Anglo-Saxon chivalry. Not long since, having dropped his spectacles, which were picked up and presented to him by a young American lady, he gallantly exclaimed, "Ah, this is not the first time you have caught my eyes!" Were all compliments as elegantly turned, they would be more than welcome. To this same young lady the following pretty lines were addressed. They are founded on fact, and have never been in print:

Kisses in former times I've seen,
Which, I confess it, raised my spleen;
They were contrived by Love to mock
The battledore and shuttlecock;
Given, returned—how strange a play,
Where neither loses all the day;
And both are, even when night sets in,
Again as ready to begin.
I am not sure I have not played
This very game with some fair maid.
Perhaps it was a dream; but this
I *know* was not: I *know* a kiss
Was giv'n me in the sight of more
Than ever saw me kissed before.
Modest as wingéd angels are,
And no less brave, and no less fair,
She came across, nor greatly feared
The horrid break of wintry beard.

Mr. Landor's voice must have been most rich and harmonious, as it still possesses much fulness. It was my good fortune to hear him read his beautiful imaginary conversation between Dante and Beatrice, and it was a scene of no common interest to witness the aged poet throwing the pathos of his voice into the pathos of his intellect, his eyes flooded with tears. "Ah," said he, as he closed the book, "I never wrote anything half as good as that, and I never can read it that the tears do not come."

Longer life and peaceful years to one who has added to the glory of English literature.—*New York World.*

LITTLE FLORENCE.

LITTLE FLORENCE, fond and free,
Playing by the apple tree,
Laughing on her mother's knee—

Sunbeams slanting on her hair,
Flowing wreaths of flow'rets fair
Dangling from her in the air.

Fast and faster go her feet
Where the grass and sunshine meet:
Joyful Florence!—Life is sweet.

Little Florence, mild and weak,
Trouble looking from her cheek,
Scarcely can she move or speak—

Looks out to the falling rain—,
All a mother's cares are vain;
Pillows may not ease her pain.

Gladness has a flitting will—
How came she to taste of ill?
Joy is evanescent still.

Little Florence, weak and worn,
Like a faint star left forlorn,
Trembling on the point of morn.

Angel forms are in the air,
Flitting on the golden stair,
Bearing up a mother's prayer.

Little Florence, cold and dead,
Green grass growing overhead,
Waiting for thy wonted tread—

Lying by the apple tree—
Sunshine comes to look for thee,
Comes to crown thy wonted glee.

And thy mother leaves her home,
Comes here, where she used to come;
Silent Florence! Death is dumb.

Little Florence, clothed in white,
Looking back upon the night,
Standing in the shadeless light—

Walking up the golden street,
Sitting at the Savior's feet,
Where the pure and holy meet.

Shadows stood on yonder shore,
Waiting for thee heretofore;
They shall wait for thee no more.

Thou didst pass them o'er the flood,
Left them standing where they stood—
Angel Florence! God is good.

—*Chambers's Journal.* DAVID RAESIDE.

TEN YEARS IN THE DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.

ENGLISH journals notice the newly published narrative of Antonio Nicolo, one of sixty political prisoners from the horrid dungeons of the late King of Naples, who were enabled, a year and a half ago, by the dexterity and boldness of the young sailor Settembrini, to alter the course of the vessel appointed for their transportation beyond the Atlantic, and to seek the protecting hospitality of Great Britain. Nicolo was concerned in a revolt of the National Guard in Reggio:

"Defeated and dispersed by General Nunziante's army, they fled to hide themselves in every house or hole where desperate lives could find shelter all over the country side. Wandering from one friend's dwelling to another's, and encountering some romantic adventures, the author of this little book contrived to escape, being arrested till September, 1850, when he voluntarily surrendered, that his family might be relieved from the incessant persecutions to which they were subjected to compel them to confess where he was. He was condemned to nineteen years' imprisonment with chains, reduced afterwards to thirteen years. Linked in the dreadful irons with a savage murderer, crammed with sixty or seventy other persons, many of the vilest criminals, into a filthy chamber of the Bagno at Nisida, amidst stench, and smoke, and bestial neglect—then removed to the subterranean cells of Procida, where 'the stone pavement, twenty yards below the level of the soil, is almost hidden under a coating of humid filth, the slimy walls emit a horrid stench, and fetid green water drips from the ceiling—constantly kept fettered by day and night, scarcely fed, and sleeping on dirty straw or rags infested with the most loathsome vermin—liable to be cruelly beaten by the servants of the jail for the smallest offence, and insulted or abused in every way by the licensed ruffianism of his companions—this unhappy Italian gentleman, as well as Baron Poerio and Signor Settembrini, passed through several years of an existence as painful to men of their constitution and previous habits as we can easily conceive. It was the fate of some hundreds beside them, as we perfectly well know. Latterly they were beset with menaces and importunities to make each of them sign a confession and apology addressed to Ferdinand II., the Jesuit Father Viglante prescribing this form 'that being seduced by the enemies of the throne, he was led to offend against the most righteous of monarchs, but that he is now penitent and implores his Majesty's clemency.' This was after the Piedmontese and English denunciations had made the king's atrocious and notorious misgovernment a scandal to all the world, so that he was anxious to diminish the number of political prisoners, whom our own correspondent at Naples contrived now and then to count. The scheme of shipping them off to a condition of little better than slavery in the wilderness of South America, which Ferdinand latterly entertained, was suggested by the same motive to afford him an answer to our diplomatic remonstrances."

A CALIFORNIA SCIENTIFIC LADY FARMER.—Among the transactions of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society, we notice the following description of Windsor farm, which is owned and managed by a lady, Mrs. Mary E. Rhodes. We doubt if a better showing could be made by a farmer in the United States. The committee on farms, grains, etc., say: "Windsor farm, five miles east of Stockton, contains 380 acres. Windsor cottage is situated nearly in the centre of the farm, and is a pleasant residence, with seven rooms, cellar, store-room, etc. There is a good barn 35 by 50 feet; a granary 20 by 32 feet, holding 5,000 bushels in bulk; an orchard of 500 fruit trees, and a few vines. From 25 acres of 'volunteer' were cut about 50 tons of excellent hay. Seventy-five acres 'summer fallow' planted in Australian wheat, soaked in sulphate copper and rolled in lime, produced 2,234 bushels; and 25 acres of volunteer wheat yielded 500 bushels, making a total of 2,824 bushels of excellent wheat. Thirty-seven acres volunteer barley yielded 1,340 bushels; an increase of 340 bushels on first crop. Forty-eight acres of barley, the harrowing in of which was completed on the 6th of February, yielded 2,300 bushels. Eighty-one acres of 'summer fallow' planted in barley, yielded 3,354 bushels, making a total of 6,994 bushels of barley raised on this farm. Windsor farm is owned by Mrs. Mary Rhodes, an accomplished lady, who is a fine illlustration of the business capacity of her sex. Mrs. Rhodes gives personal supervision to the many interests of her beautiful farm."

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